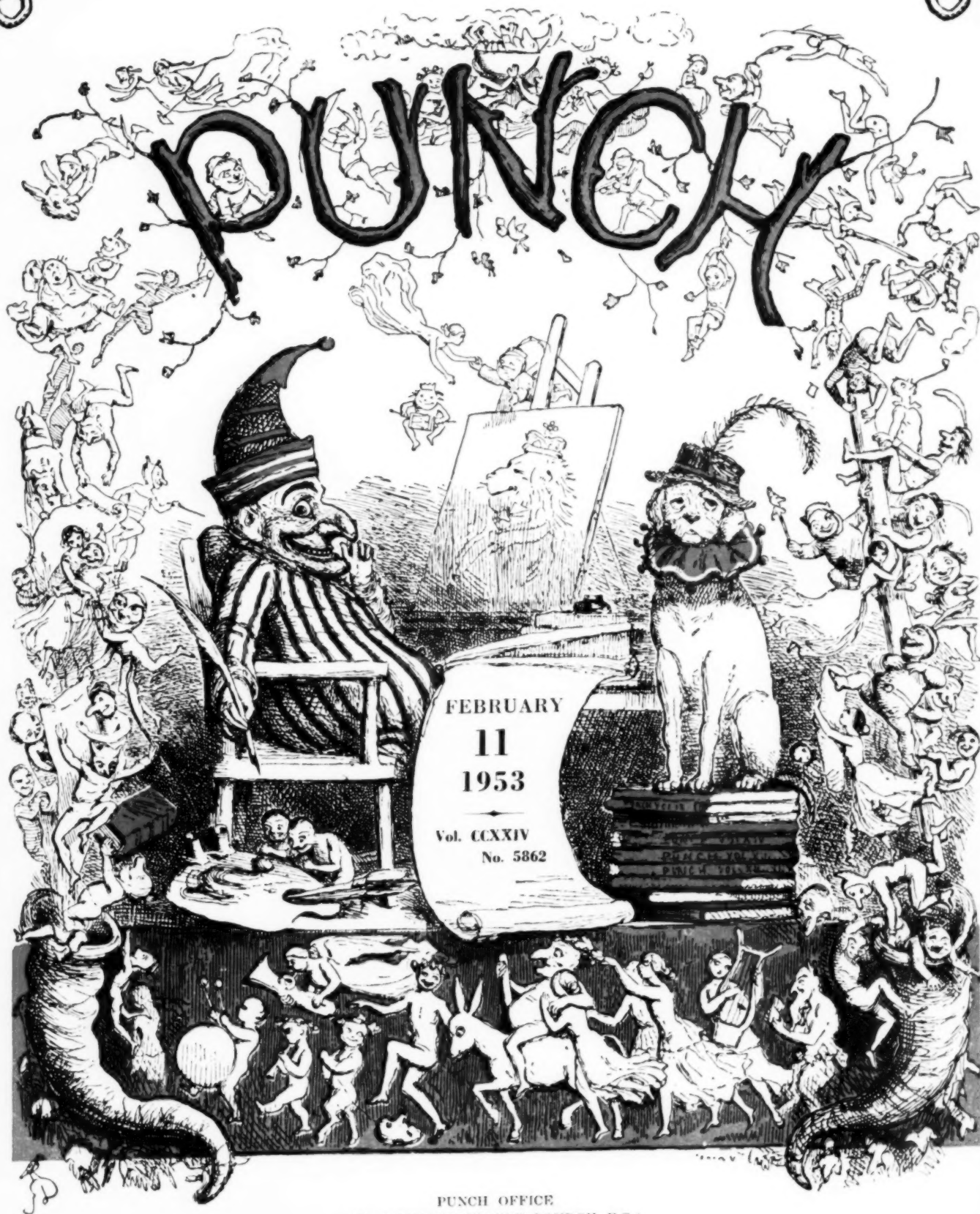
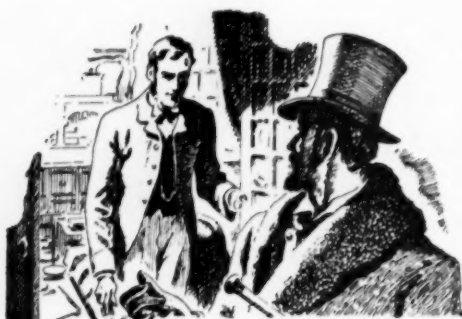


6<sup>d</sup>

PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 11 1953

6<sup>d</sup>

PUNCH OFFICE  
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'Take a shop,' said the Prince, and Mr. Marcovitch, who, a hundred years ago, was making his cigarettes in an obscure room near Piccadilly knew that their excellence had made him famous. Ever since, Marcovitch Cigarettes have been made to the same high standards as won the approval of that Eminent Personage and his friends; they are rolled of the very finest tobacco, for the pleasure of those whose palates appreciate perfection.



*Marcovitch*

**BLACK AND WHITE**

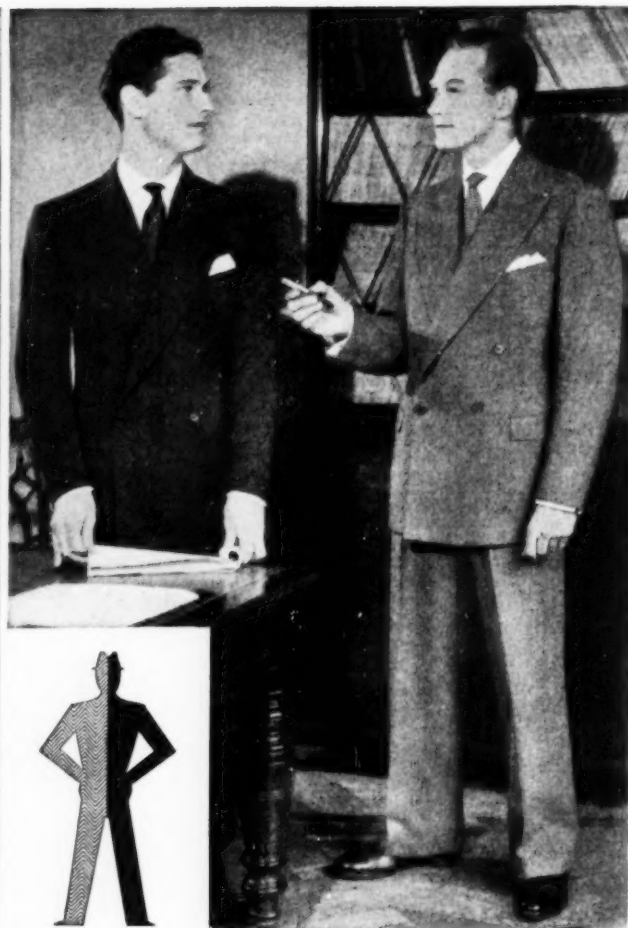
*cigarettes for Virginia smokers*

25 for 5/5

Also **BLACK AND WHITE**  
**SMOKING MIXTURE**

2 oz. tin 9/6

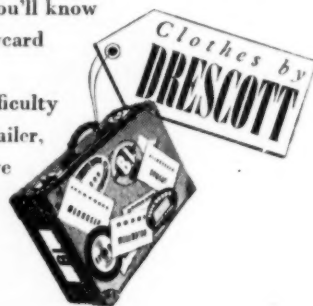
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does not exist...

If he did, our job would be greatly simplified—but deadly dull. On the whole we are rather pleased that men exist in such a profusion of shapes and sizes, and rather proud that their diversity is matched by our wide and skilfully designed range of fittings. Suits like these can be obtained from good men's shops in London's West End and throughout the country. You'll know them by the Drescott showcard in the window.

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**I**MPORTANT jetties in Swansea Docks were being damaged by marine borer shipworms, which had gnawed their way into the wooden piles under water, honeycombing and weakening the entire structure. Immediate action was needed to save the jetties. The owners took their problem to the technical service organisation of I.C.I., and a representative of the Company's Nobel Division in Glasgow was sent to make an investigation. He began by experimenting with small charges of gelatine explosives fired at known distances from the piles. The shock

wave from these underwater explosions had to be strong enough to kill the borers in their holes, but not so powerful as to weaken the jetty piles. After each shot a diver went down to look for signs of damage, and small sections of the wood were removed to assess the killing effect on the borers. The work went well and a local man who had studied the technique took over. These unorthodox methods were completely successful. The borers were killed and at low cost to the owners the safety of the jetties was ensured for another season.







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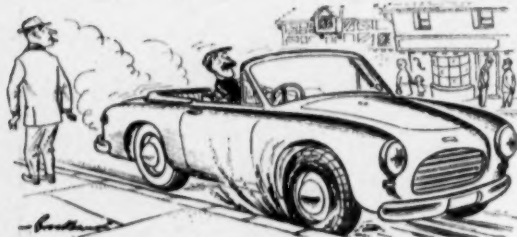
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Over speed that's fantastic,  
Though we don't rule the roost  
In the realms of power boost  
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*All over the world where  
good taste and pleasure meet—  
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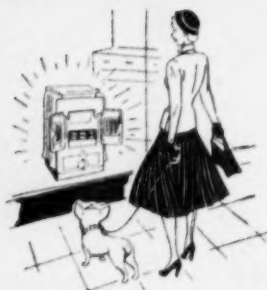
For its gentleness and lasting glow White Horse whisky has long been famed. Trust a White Horse to carry you smoothly across the borderland of sleep. It knows the way.

**WHITE HORSE** Scotch Whisky

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*I saw it . . .*

I liked the look of it, and the attractive finish stole the lime-light in the showroom.



*I sighed for it . . .*

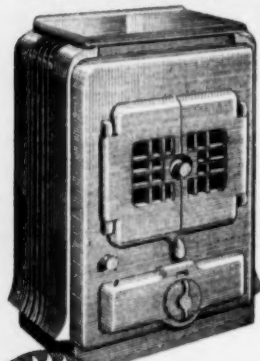
"How marvellous to have open-fire comfort whenever we want it as well as warm air circulating all over the room. Still, I guess the fuel-saving side of it will appeal most to George."

*I showed it him . . .*

"So you see, dear, it's much more efficient and economical than an ordinary open-fire. And think of the extra time you can spend in bed—not having to lay the fire in the mornings!"



*We're thrilled with it!*



Approved by the  
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Burns economically day and night on any domestic solid fuel. Provides clean, health-giving convected warm air as well as radiant heat. A good supply of hot water is assured by fitting a back boiler. Simple accurate control of burning rate. Labour-saving LEXOS porcelain enamel finish. There are Radiation stoves available to suit rooms of all sizes.

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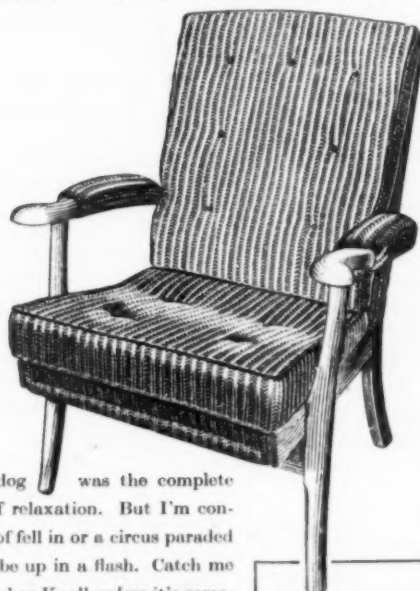
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I used to think my dog was the complete expert in the art of relaxation. But I'm convinced that if the roof fell in or a circus paraded along the road he'd be up in a flash. Catch me moving from my Parker-Knoll unless it's something really out of the ordinary... like fresh salmon for dinner!

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CVS-66



Lieut.-Colonel Harry Llewellyn's great show jumper, beautifully presented in the JACOMAR manner on a fine silk square. Part proceeds will be presented to the British Olympic Equestrian Fund, price 89/6d.

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can stand  
the pace!**



There's a wonderful 'wake-up' feeling about BMK carpets. That's because they're made of the springy wool of hardy Scotch Blackfaced sheep. Blended with other fine wools—and woven with traditional Kilmarnock skill!

That lively, luxurious BMK pile takes any amount of punishment—and always comes bouncing up for more! For gay, colourful, long-lasting comfort—look for the BMK label!

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BLACKWOOD MORTON KILMARNOCK

# A **NEW** CAR BATTERY—

# THE *Silver* **Exide**

*Now*— today if you wish—you can buy from your garage at standard prices the new Silver Exide, a battery more efficient and with longer life than any standard battery—even an Exide—you ever used before. Here is a battery that will change your whole conception of the service a car battery can give. A battery that eliminates the actual main cause of battery failure!

**PORVIC** gives Exide the green light—  
for the biggest battery advance in 25 years!

Battery improvement had reached an impasse—blocked by the separator. Separators, which divide each battery plate from the next, normally wear away and slowly but surely weaken under the stress of motor car service. Failure of the separators—even of one separator—means the failure of the battery. That was the deadlock that Porvic has now broken—Porvic, the new plastic separator and a British discovery. Porvic is pliable yet very tough, over 80% porous

and yet a perfect electrical insulator; and it is completely inert chemically and resistant to wear. Used in the Silver Exide as a separator, Porvic changes that shortest-lived component of the battery into one which is virtually indestructible. Porvic now makes possible the use—to the full advantage—of the new plates with long-life alloy grids that for years have been undergoing test and development in the Exide research laboratories!

**THESE 3 STRIDES** carry the **SILVER EXIDE** forward—beyond the hitherto accepted limits of battery life

**1. PORVIC SEPARATORS** Microporous, they freely absorb the electrolyte and enable the battery to release its full power to the starter motor. They never develop wear to weaken the assembly of the battery.

**2. CB.95 ALLOY PLATE GRIDS** From alloy CB.95, an exclusive Exide formula, are manufactured long-life plate grids pasted with improved active materials, resulting in plates whose full capabilities could not be realised until Porvic brought separator life into line. Now, fitted in the Silver Exide battery in combination with Porvic separators, they raise electrical efficiency and length of life to an altogether new level.

**3. HARD RUBBER CONTAINER** The container of the Silver Exide battery is hard rubber of the highest quality—tough, leak-proof and shock-resistant—designed and developed to outlast even the longer life plates it holds.



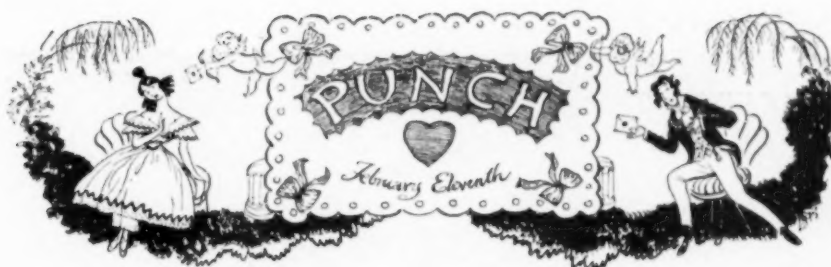
*The name EXIDE in silver is  
the hall-mark of the Silver Exide*

STANDARD  
EXIDE  
PRICES

**YOUR GARAGE CAN SUPPLY TODAY**

A PRODUCT OF CHLORIDE BATTERIES LIMITED

8.1.12/7



## CHARIVARIA

AN emergency meeting of trade union officials is reported to have taken place this week to assist Mr. Tom O'Brien in wording his valentine to Mr. Churchill.

~ ~

Yet another infant *maestro* has arrived from Italy to conduct orchestral concerts in this country, and yet another enthusiastic reception is no doubt in store for him from Press and public. British conductors of



riper years, finding it hard to compete with these young thunder-stealers, are wondering whether a change of costume might help.

~ ~

A word of thanks is due to that little-regarded body of journalists whose task it is to predigest for newspaper readers the masses of facts and figures inseparable from government by bureaucracy. Many a busy man who lacked the time to study statistics in a recent issue of the Ministry of Labour's Gazette, for example, must have welcomed their convenient summing up in the headlines of the *Daily Mail* ("Wages Beat the Cost of Living"), the *Daily Herald* ("Wages Lag Behind Price Rise"), and the *News Chronicle* ("Wages and Prices Run Dead Heat").

~ ~

The ebullient gala spirit of this year is already abroad in London, as a glance at "To-day's Arrangements" in any issue of *The Times* leaves little cause to doubt. Guests at the recent annual luncheon of the British Industrial Measuring and Control Apparatus Manufacturers' Association, for example, could have moved on afterwards, if not already jaded, to the entertainment presented at Caxton Hall by the Institution of Chemical Engineers under the title "Symposium on Bursting Disks," and stayed at the same address to enjoy a talk on "The Waterproofing of Concrete Structures" by a prominent sanitary engineer. At Savoy Hill, for more widely roaming spirits, "Some Aspects of Power Station Lighting" no

doubt proved tempting, as did the address on "Body Fluid Depletions" drawing packed houses at the Royal College of Physicians. A difficult choice for evening pleasure-seekers lay between the "Discussion on Life Assessment Tests for Commercial Vehicles," billed for 6 P.M. at Storey's Gate, and (same time at Great George Street) "Storage, Collection and Disposal of Domestic Refuse."

~ ~

Remembering the Labour Government's unhappy experience over removing sweets from the ration, we congratulate the present Minister of Food on an act of great political courage. Should the worst happen, however, Major Lloyd-George will no doubt be ready with his argument that any run on the shops this time will be entirely due to public recollection of what happened last time, and that, therefore, in effect, the Labour Government must be held responsible not only for their own re-rationing after de-rationing, but for their successors' re-re-rationing after de-re-rationing.

~ ~

The announcement by the magazine *Soviet Art* that Russian clowns are no longer funny has been well received by the Moscow circus-goer. At last he may see an end of the threadbare routine with the tall thin clown, the short fat clown and the hoop.



~ ~

"To-day, got a bottle of K— Hair Tonic. To-night, start the K— Method of treatment. Shake K— Hair Tonic generously on to your head. Now, massage your scalp vigorously. As you massage, shake on more K— Hair Tonic. You will enjoy the cool feeling that tells you K— Hair Tonic is going to work. Next, apply shampoo to your hair. Work up a thick lather . . . If you have put enough K— on your hair, that's all the shampoo needs . . . Dry your hair thoroughly. Shake on K— Hair Tonic—massage it into hair—comb hair into place. To-morrow morning—and every morning: Shake on K— Hair Tonic—rub it in—and comb your hair into place. K— Hair Tonic contains . . ."

*From an advertisement*

Never mind that. Pass the next bottle.



## LONDON SEA

"A GALE!" they say. "A spring tide! The Moon!" (few, by the way, ever give credit, or blame, to the Sun, which has a share or two in spring tides). But there is a little more to be said than that. Here in Hammersmith we know something about floods, though not as much, now, as the stricken survivors of Canvey Island and other parts. On January 6-7, 1928, two maids were drowned in a basement less than a quarter of a mile from this dwelling, and there were more deaths lower down the river. But our misfortunes were small compared with those of which we have recently read: and we merely wish to establish our claim to know something about tidal floods. Mark you, we are ten miles west of London Bridge and more than fifty miles from the Nore. But every day we study our tide-tables, we have high-water or flood marks in our dining-rooms and kitchens: and, more important still, we have garden-walls which stand in the water. These walls are our only defence against London River, and, in fact, against the sea. But they are also our principal gauges, our scientific instruments: and it is of them that we would say a word or two.

Only a few weeks ago, in December, we were woken at dead of night by police-whistles sounding "Flood Warning!" We rushed—no, we went cautiously through the darkness to the garden wall, and thrust two fingers into the chilly, almost invisible Thames. Three, or perhaps four, inches below the top of the wall. A few years ago (in 1949) we saw the water come up to the same level in daylight: and, we suspect, it has done the same, once or twice, in darkness, without disturbing us. In the morning of Sunday, February 1, it was only two inches, perhaps less, below the top of the wall. By that margin only did we and our neighbours—and, more important, every power station in London—escape a repetition of the misfortunes of 1928 (in Chiswick, where there is no river wall, some suffered them again). You do not care about our small misfortunes; the point of our simple narrative is this, that after the 1928 flood the authorities, very rightly, raised (or, rather, compelled us humble riparians to raise) the "flood defences"—in these parts the garden walls—by about 1 foot 10 inches. Let us applaud and be thankful for their deeds: but it is a rather important fact that here, at least, the flood-mark for February 1, 1953, is at least 1 foot 6 inches higher (we think rather more) than that of January 1928—and the water has come alarmingly near to that before.

Other discouraging thoughts may be admitted. Here we have always said that three separate things must come by chance together before we could have a 1928 again: (1) a north-westerly gale assembling a lot of water off the mouth of the Thames, (2) a very high spring tide driving that water up the river, and (3) a lot of "land-water" (the result of snow or continuous heavy rain) coming down from the Upper Thames. It is clear now that all were wrong—that only two of these

factors are necessary to cause a dangerous excess of water in London. For on February 1 (and at least one other recent occasion of alarm) there was *not* a lot of "land-water" coming down.

Further, though by a devilish chance the exceptional gale coincided with the top of that series of spring tides, it was not an exceptional spring tide. It was (in the prediction tables) a modest spring tide, 21.1 feet at London Bridge. For the afternoon of Monday, February 16, the predicted height is 23.1 feet, —two feet higher: and if Fate sends a similar gale the night before, who knows what may happen then?

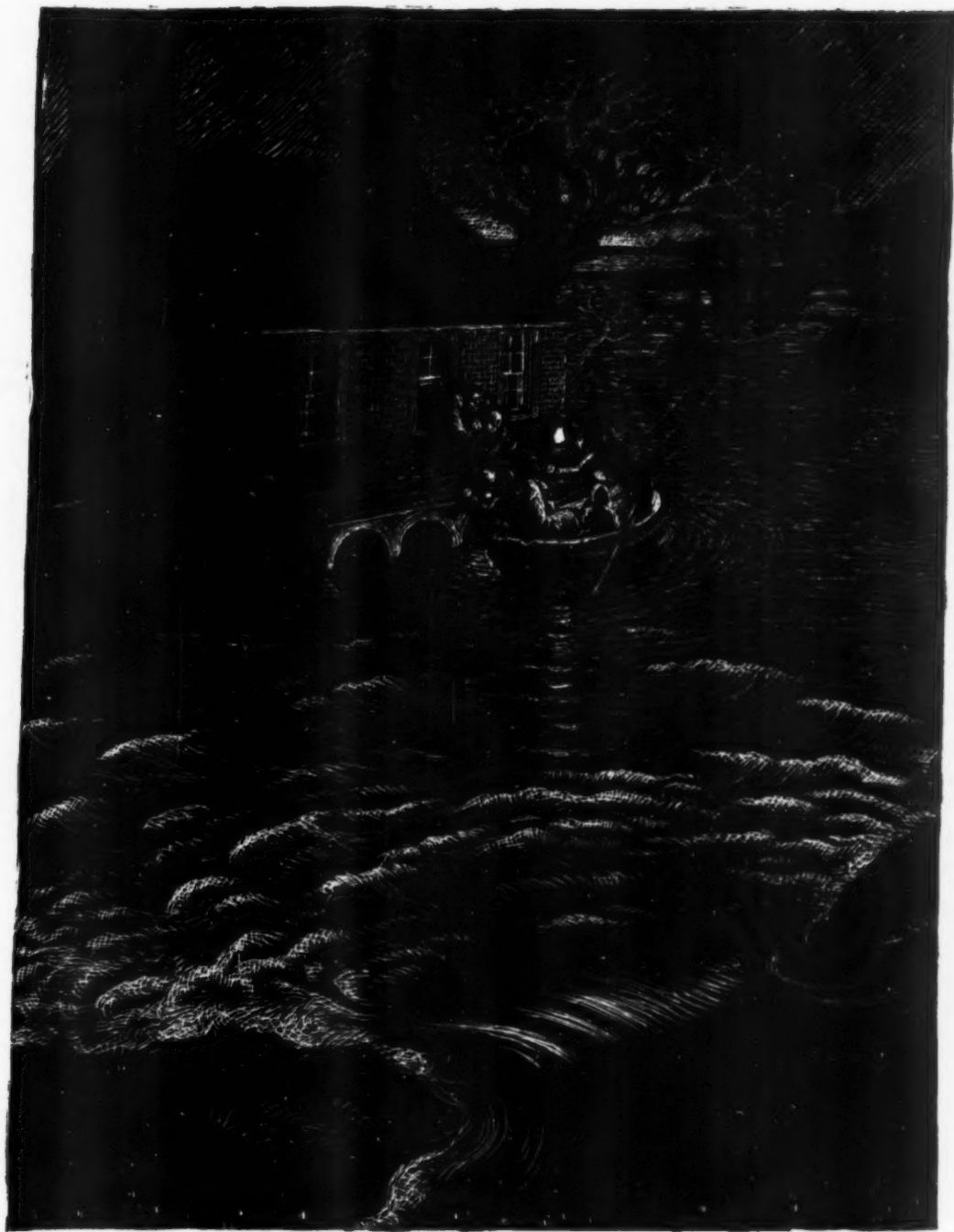
Now, why all this? Old London suffered the Great Fire, and the Great Plague, but never, so far as we know, a Great Flood. The sea came in, but spread itself over the unforbidden flats far below the capital. We, with our clever embanking and dredging, have brought the sea, unnaturally, to London, and beyond: and who knows what may be the end of that? We think the Thames Barrage (so far, despised by Authority) may be the answer. Perhaps we should set aside large waste spaces near the mouth of the river to receive the swollen waters in time of danger (if poor Canvey Island had not received so much, there would have been far more trouble, no doubt, in London). Perhaps "flood defences" (and garden-walls) will have to be raised again. Certainly it is not enough to say "Oh, yes—the Moon—the gales."

Floods are not funny, even if you escape alive. We can still smell the flood of 1928. It is like a visit from a supernatural, obscene and imbecile burglar. We thought anxiously of Canvey Island—that happy, healthy little corner—before it came into the news. We tried to ring up Mrs. Went of the "Lobster Smack" at Holehaven on Sunday morning—it sounds foolish but then we did not know. The "Lobster Smack" was the haven of many sailors and soldiers all through the war; it was practically a naval base: and Mrs. Went was always smiling a welcome to us all, between patrols or blitzes. On quiet Sunday mornings, Church Parade was held outside the pub: we used to play the hymns on the cracked piano in the window of the bar while Mrs. Went made ready for opening time at the other end. Our anxiety for her and her little house crystallizes the feelings of everyone for those who lived—and died—on Canvey Island. A. P. H.

### For Flood Victims

THE Lord Mayor of London has appealed to the nation to help all those who have suffered in the recent floods and storms, to succour the homeless, and aid them to rebuild their shattered homes and fortunes.

Will you send a donation to the Lord Mayor, The Mansion House, London, E.C.4? Your cheque should be made out to "The Lord Mayor's National Flood and Tempest Distress Fund," and the envelope should also bear the name of the Fund.



So farre, so fast the eygre drave,  
The heart had hardly time to beat,  
Before a shallow seething wave  
Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet:  
The feet had hardly time to flee  
Before it brake against the knee,  
And all the world was in the sea.

*From "The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire, 1571" by Jean Ingelow*

## FLOURISH OF HERALDS

IT is disappointing to find that the Earl Marshal's establishment on the west side of Belgrave Square has but a modest flagstaff with not so much as a rag fluttering. The building, once a town house of the Norfolks and now fitted out as offices by the Ministry of Works with great good taste and just the right degree of self-restraint, houses such a flourish of Heralds that one had hoped they might have put their heads together to run up something a little showy on the flagpole.

Garter Principal King of Arms is there, in charge of Ceremonial. Chester Herald looks after Summonses, Invitations and so on, assisted by Somerset Herald, Rouge Croix Pursuivant and Portcullis Pursuivant. Then there is Bluemantle Pursuivant seeing to Dress. Norroy and Ulster King of Arms (who must be the artistic one) represents the Earl Marshal on musical matters. Clarenceux King of Arms is supervising reception and general inquiries. These, together with the Gold Staff Officers, make an impressive addition to the amenities of Belgravia, though perhaps lovers of peerless English may feel a qualm for poor Richmond Herald, whose task is described in a hand-out as "liaising with the Scottish Heralds."

The impression, taken with a mid-morning cup of tea, was that business is not as brisk as it is going to be. Nevertheless the three experts in the Press Bureau, who should surely be called Clerks of the Silver Trumpet but seem to lack any kind of resonant handle, lead far from leisurely lives in the ground floor room they share with Bluemantle, himself too busy answering Dress inquiries on his telephone to take tea.

Every day, just now, about a score of visitors call, including a "peer or two." Viscount Montgomery, a Belgravian neighbour when he is in this country, has popped in several times. An eminent author with the lively commission of writing ten thousand words for America about the Coronation *before* it takes place, had just been in to lay his troubles before the Earl Marshal. There is an international slant too. The visitor just ahead of us was a German. To add to the spice of heraldic life, a fluent gentleman had just telephoned from Holland asking if the Earl Marshal would provide a series of lectures on the Coronation.

In the morning post was a letter from an Ethiopian official in Addis Ababa, addressed to Churchills, the Gunsmiths (in the belief, no doubt, that the Prime Minister presides over that establishment), asking for the Earl Marshal's hand-outs. A nice touch of phonetic spelling garnished a letter from the Golden West: *My dear Royal Duke. Would you please send me any information on England and the cornation. And I would like to no if it will be on Television. Sincerely yours.*

The peers' ballot, which still, a fortnight or so after the event, causes a certain amount of heat under noble collars, took place with much impartiality and ceremonial secrecy in Chester Herald's room upstairs; and mid-morning tea was interrupted by a belated

inquirer on the telephone wanting to know whether the noble names were drawn out of a coronet. Judging by the abundance of bowler hats hung in the corridors, a casual visitor might suppose that this more utilitarian headgear had been used for the lucky dip. The Heralds have no statement to offer.

The world now knows about the peer surplus, and no doubt some of the unlucky nobles are consoling themselves with the possibility of doing a deal over their scarlet and ermine. From it all one strange reflection on the Age of the Common Man emerges. There are, it seems, over a hundred more peers than in 1937.



So the politically wary must take a pinch of salt with the old cry about Jack being as good as his master.

Let it not be supposed, though, that the Earl Marshal's minions are spending their whole time answering crazy telephone calls or dealing with casual visitors. The operations-room technique of the last



war has come in handy. The ground floor back has been got up like a war room. Even in the Press Bureau, above the ceremonial sword that lay nonchalantly on a side table, there were rows of the old familiar coloured pins in a kind of Situation Board on the wall.

The main tasks at the moment are the "working out and building up" of the procession and of



ceremonial, the fixing of the detailed time-tables that are so necessary and, of course, the dispatch of the much-coveted Summonses and Invitations.

The Earl Marshal himself uses a tiny snug room on the ground floor right at the back, several yards beyond the slightly forbidding door bearing the legend BACK-STAIRS. To keep him company is a fine set of early Coronation coloured prints, a 1952 *Debrett* and a couple of mere black telephones. It is fortunate for everyone that His Grace, whose ancestors have held the office of Earl Marshal with various lapses since 1386, has himself had eighteen years' experience of the job

and possesses his own detailed records of his activities during the last Coronation. It is his right and duty, of course, to arrange every ceremonial detail on the Great Day. He is the referee in all matters of precedence, etiquette and privilege. Strange indeed, some of the tasks that go with his gold baton. Not only does he, through his officials, see that everybody is properly dressed, but he directs the manufacture of the Royal robe, nearly every stitch of which is ordained by official orders phrased and signed by him. Another chore is to select the representatives of the Dukes of Aquitaine and Normandy, who by ancient lore are called upon to attend the Coronation—and to see that they are properly dressed in robes of crimson velvet.

It was impossible, however, to take that mid-morning cup of tea in his front office without being confronted by some of the more mundane details. There are to be fifty telephones in the Abbey, for instance, mostly for the several hundred press and radio people who will be there to cover the event. Those nimble-fingered ones who claim to be unable to think without their portables, even on battlefields, may meet their respective Waterloos, for typewriters will be barred from the Abbey. Television is innovation enough.

Since vast numbers of lucky people will be sitting down a great deal on the Great Day, the question of cushions leapt not irrelevantly to the inquiring mind. A moment's research by a Clerk of the Silver Trumpet yielded the rewarding information that 99,000 cushions were used last time. Pneumatic cushions that, deflated, take up no room at all in ceremonial dress, are likely to serve those with sufficient foresight and enough puff. These, unlike typewriters, are admissible. In the early hours of the Great Day, therefore, the observant may well notice a prolonged and vigorous exhalation of noble breath at Westminster.

JOHN PUDNEY

## A SONG OUT OF SEASON

HEIGH-HO, it is the busy time  
When buds do sprout and birds do  
sing  
And married men on ladders climb,  
Holding a jam-pot by the string,  
And start to paint the garage-door  
The hue it should have been before.

Heigh-ho, it is the lazy time  
When days be warm and fires be out  
And never coal and soot begrime  
The hands that toil the house about,  
And new potatoes gladly doff  
Their skin to those who scrape it off.

Heigh-ho, it is the happy time  
When socks are white and shirts are  
sport,

And sweet the bells of evening chime  
Across the Sunday tennis-court,  
And on the washing-line appear  
The bathing-suits of yesteryear;

The time for clouds to pause and pass;  
For blessed sun, for blessed shade,  
Ice-cream and freckles, trugs of grass  
And hanky-hats and lemonade;  
The time when life is lived at ease  
Because the leaves are on the trees.

Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, it's not the time,  
Not yet, for pushing oar the boat;  
There's frost again to-night, and I'm  
A-typing in my duffle-coat;  
But spring is in the air; you see  
What one fine day has done for me.

ANDE

## A WORD ABOUT SAUSAGES

**DR. EDITH SUMMERSKILL** (Fulham, West, Lab.): Is the Chancellor aware that the Minister of Food admitted in November that over two million meat rations had not been taken up . . . ?

Mr. Butler: It is by no means certain which section of the population is not taking up the meat ration. (*Opposition cries of "Oh!"*)

My own cry would have been somewhat stronger—"Oho!" or "Aha!" perhaps, for it so happens that I have made a special study of this particular problem. Using the methods adopted by the pollsters—though, naturally enough, I am not prepared to disclose the size of my "samples" of public opinion—I have been able to break down the meatless two million into the following groups:

- |   |         |
|---|---------|
| 1. People who haven't the money to buy the meat ration . . . . .  | 975,520 |
| 2. People who have the money but prefer it to the meat . . . . .  | 562,280 |
| 3. People who are saving up to buy white bread . . . . .  | 1,200   |
| 4. People who think that rationing will end only when apparently unsaleable surplus stocks have been accumulated, and who are willing to go hungry in order to bring about such conditions . . . . .                | 6       |
| 5. People who, without knowing it, are drifting slowly into vegetarianism . . . . .   | 122,640 |
| 6. People who receive food parcels from abroad . . . . .  | 8,854   |
| 7. People who live on their own and find the meat ration for one person so ludicrously small that—to quote a Stroud (Glos.) spinster—"a visit to the butcher's is an insufferably humiliating experience" . . . . . | 200,120 |
| 8. People who believe that they have detected some slight improvement in British sausages (unrationed) and can't afford both meat and sausages . . . . .  | 129,380 |

More than half of the people in Group Two said that their decision to abstain from spending, or, as the economist would say, "stifle their propensity to consume," was made from motives of patriotism. They

adequately financed from private sources. And without quite knowing what they mean I must say that I agree with them.

Of the people in Group Six no fewer than 380 expressed a preference for canned frankfurters packed in dried figs, copies of the *Winnipeg Star* and old dollars.

"I am a bachelor, a retired chandler's clerk," said one unit of my north-country "sample," "and it occurs to me that other single persons might follow my example in this matter of the meat ration. Well, one day I approached two other singletons who were waiting with me in the queue at the butchers and told them how I thought we'd do much better if we pooled our ration books as it were. They agreed and I obtained a half-shoulder of mutton on the three books. Then we went off to the local, borrowed a knife and divided the meat into three portions. It may surprise you to know that our shares were no bigger than usual; less, in fact, if anything. But we all enjoyed the drink and the confab so much that we have repeated the performance every Friday—except that we don't bother with the meat any more and just concentrate on the social side."

Finally, a word about sausages. Quite a number of people in Group Eight told me that they bought sausages *because* they'd read that two million meat rations were not being taken up. "It was obvious," one of them wrote, "that all this extra meat was going somewhere. But where? I asked myself. Why, into the sausages! So I buy sausages instead of my ration and next week—because there's now *another* meat ration not being taken up—the sausages are a little better. And so it goes on. It's a sort of snowball effect, and it can't possibly stop now until *all* the available meat is going into sausages. When that time comes meat rationing will be ended, and not a moment too soon. Q.E.D."

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



are anxious to swell the total of voluntary savings (or reduce the volume of voluntary disinvestment) because they feel that central bureaucratic capital control or "Government spending" is bound to continue until industry can be

## COME CLEANER

**Q** Can you read and write in your native language?

**A.** Yes. But, aware of the dangers of the practice, I would state that I prefer lots of little pictures in a row for reading, with a moderate sprinkling of WHAMS, ERKS and SCREECHES.

**Q.** Have you connections with any subversive organizations? If so, put a cross in the box.

**A.** Not actually. I once bought a second-hand samovar for fun, but nothing came of it. I have drawn a bust of Heliogabalus in the box, as you can see.

**Q.** Are you in favour of overturning the established order of society by violent means? If so, put a cross in the box.

**A.** That is definitely one of the things I'm not in favour of. I have drawn a stag at bay in the box.

**Q.** Have you ever served a sentence of penal servitude for life?

**A.** Never. I object. I was fined ten shillings for not having a rear light on my bicycle in 1936. The neighbours must have been talking.

**Q.** Do you believe in the sanctity of the home? If not, put a cross in the box.

**A.** Certainly. The drawing in the box is of a potted aspidistra.

**Q.** Has a relative of yours ever been concerned with any association advocating the violent overthrow of the established order?

**A.** Uncle Ted used to throw the dog at Aunt Muriel when he was in liquor; nothing more than that. By trade he was a paper-hanger, and both he and Aunt Muriel were intensely loyal at all times.

**Q.** If an entry-permit is granted are you able to support yourself financially during the period of sojourn? If not, put a cross in the box.

**A.** Of course. For one thing, I haven't the build for grand larceny. Again, I hold most strongly that the robbing of banks, etc., saps the character of a man in the long run. Instead of a cross I have drawn a small cheque.

**Q.** Do you intend, during your visit, to conduct yourself in accordance with the laws and usages of the country? If not, put a cross in the box.

**A.** But yes. I won't say a word out of place. Of course, I shall not be so quiet that people become suspicious; I shall join in all conversation with hearty verve, but I shall close up like a clam if I discern a subversive trend. Crime, drug-taking, etc., I shall avoid. In the box I have drawn a stem of lily of the valley (*Convallaria Majalis*).

**Q.** Have you—and has every member of your family—consistently paid regard to the citizen-responsibility factor?

**A.** Too true. Proof? Here are some of the things we have never even attempted: erecting and maintaining a street-barriade; distributing subversive literature from a balloon; operating a siege-gun against the civil authority; looting and/or despoiling an art gallery, a

museum, or a monument; behaving in a manner prejudicial to the public order while acting as riot-leaders. As a family we kept ourselves to ourselves.

**Q.** If an entry-permit is granted do you anticipate conspiring with others in the preparation of high-explosives for use in activity of an anti-social nature designed to weaken the stability of the state?

**A.** Not me. I just can't see myself doing any such thing.

**Q.** Have you ever carried a banner in a demonstration, contrary to statute?

**A.** Never. I would cringe up into nothing. I wouldn't know where to look. Drum-majorettes scare me. I would reject all offers of banners, particularly those carrying slogans like these: To the Gallows with the District Attorney; Peanuts to Banker McFaggot; Our Children Demand Candy Graft Probe; Urge Finalize Global Redeployment; Moot Teenagers Hep for Campus Switch; Into the Can with Cleansing Department Chief Maloney.

## ODE FOR THE END OF SWEET RATIONING

**N**OT only for those fruits of lost delight,  
Great gobstoppers, or languid liquorice-tapes,  
Or that strange sponge, resilient to the bite,  
That sold in sixty pink, repellent shapes:  
Or those crisp creatures of a later skill,  
The brittle, mordible crunches, where the tooth  
Bursts through bright layers of capricious crystals, till  
It finds the edible truth:

Or those strange chocolates, for whose lure alone  
Society beauties, lapped in opulence,  
Fall for a string of debonair braves, and own  
Their fall in lushly-drawn advertisements:  
Or for fudge, truffle or fondant, or the white  
Montelimar, the pralines and their clan,  
Rahat Lacoum (which men miscall Delight),  
Or—heavens!—marzipan:

Not only for all these must we rejoice,  
But for the end of one more dull duress,  
For one more opportunity of choice,  
One dingy printed document the less  
To treasure and resent: ten years or so  
Is too near childhood's span to trifle with  
(Not counting that false dawn, four years ago,  
When sweets held Hammersmith).

For this we must rejoice, to show that we  
Are thoughtful men, who place on human rights  
A proper value, knowing them to be  
Of greater weight than physical appetites.  
But, this being done, I will myself salute  
Great gobstoppers, with which my song began,  
And whipped cream walnuts, richly convolute,  
And—heavens!—marzipan. P. M. HUBBARD





"British Railways do not feel complacent over the condition of some of their stations and equipment . . . They have asked each of the six Chief Regional Officers . . . to take in hand a special investigation . . ."

(The Chairman of the Railway Executive)

## A MATTER OF PRIVILEGE

MY favourite fool is a certain lady in Los Angeles who had seven servants and drove me round the town in an enormous motor-car, saying at intervals, "But don't you think that Lenin meant to help?" It was some years ago, and I greatly trust that she has not, in these later days, suffered at the hands of some Congressional Committee on un-American activities. For the fragrant memory of her folly is still with me as a comfort to my declining years, and I am very certain that she could never have sold any secrets of the atom bomb to Stalin, because like myself and you, my gentle reader, she could never have even begun to understand how the damn thing works.

But more interesting business is afoot in Russia.

I read in *Pravda* that Yefim Gridasov, a member of the Soviet Parliament—to put the matter in a rough English equivalent—recently had occasion to travel on his official duties to Moscow. As was only reasonable in that land in which privilege has been abolished, a first-class carriage was put at his disposal for this journey, and he was allowed not only to travel free himself but to take with him free any member of his family—which is more than a British Member of Parliament could hope for. But here his chance was his downfall. Yefim had a favourite cow, called Elsie. He could not bear the thought that in faraway Moscow he would be parted from Elsie. Why could he not register her as his sister and take her free in the first-class coach with him? Would anybody notice? He was tempted, and he fell. Elsie, with a bell and a first-class ticket round her neck, climbed up into the *wagon-lit*. For a time all went well. A number of ticket-collectors came round—"syco-phantic subordinates" of the powerful Yefim, as the Soviet prosecutor scathingly called them—and perhaps with justice. These ticket-collectors, having been suitably remunerated, spotted nothing at all peculiar about Elsie in her *wagon-lit*. But somehow—it is not, I confess, quite clear how—the story has come out, and now poor Yefim Gridasov is for it.

He is not indeed, I need hardly say, accused of anything so straightforward as "travelling with a cow" or "cheating a railway company." Travelling with a cow in a *wagon-lit* is not, it seems, as such, an offence in Soviet Russia. But I need hardly say that in Yefim's conduct were to be discovered traces of much graver crimes than that. Was it not well known that Trotsky had once taken a dog with him to the Crimea? that Marshal Tito sometimes rides a horse? Thus, is not undue fondness for animals self-evidently Trotskyism? is it not Titoism? It is, said the prosecutor, "a

kulak attitude." It is "opposition to internal party democracy." It is "formalism." It is—and here, it seems, the prosecutor's voice sank to a whisper of shrinking horror—"it is schematism." Alas, poor Yefim!

But what, I kept thinking, would we have done about that in England? A first-class carriage, labelled "Reserved for Members of the House of Lords"—and inside it we find a cow, not even a peeress in her own right—a cow with, as far as the evidence goes, no sort of claim to a special remainder, quietly sitting in a centre seat reading *The Times*! What would Colonel Wigg do about it? What would Colonel Wigg think if he looked into a first-class carriage and saw a cow inside? And, indeed, since we must be fair and tolerant, what would the cow think if she looked out of a first-class carriage and saw Colonel Wigg outside?

We must, after all, look at the thing from the cow's point of view. In our free and happy land naturally we know nothing of Trotskyism or Titoism, of formalism or of schematism. But is it a breach of privilege? Is there a *prima facie* case of a breach of privilege? That is doubtless the question which Colonel Wigg would very properly ask himself—and ask himself at some length.

I must say that I gravely doubt it. It is, of course, for Mr. Speaker to give his ruling, and, if the matter should be formally raised, I will naturally listen most respectfully to that ruling. But I greatly doubt it. The purpose of Parliamentary privilege is to protect Members of Parliament in the free performance of their Parliamentary duties. If a cow were to park herself across

the entrance to a division lobby, making it impossible for Members to get round her and into the Lobby, that would indeed be a breach of privilege. Or if a cow should attempt to travel by train without a ticket, then certainly the full penalty of the law should fall upon her. It would be quite wrong—indeed, almost ridiculous—that she should imagine that she could obtain any protection of Parliamentary privilege by the mere device, when threatened with arrest, of sending a telegram to her Member of Parliament—or even, it may be, to four Members of Parliament.

There is no one more strongly opposed than I, in these equalitarian days, to any special privilege for cows over Members of Parliament. But I do not think that it has anything to do with Parliamentary privilege. Parliamentary privilege is a very exact and particular matter. It cannot be vaguely invoked for any old thing that may happen whenever a Member of Parliament and a cow happen to be standing around together. If it were that, well then—well then—well, all sorts of very odd results might follow.

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS





### HERE TO-DAY, GONE THE DAY AFTER TO-MORROW

LIKE New England spinsters making the round of the cultural treasures of the old world, Mr. John Foster Dulles and Mr. Harold Stassen spent nine days "doing" the politicians of the United Nations. On January 30 their U.S.A.F. Constellation landed in Rome; Signor de Gasperi in the bag, they flew on to Paris on February 1 to take in M. Mayer; two days later they dropped in on London and had a look at Mr. Eden. The Hague and Brussels rated one day each, and Luxembourg a half. Then back they flew to Washington, their albums full of political snapshots to show President Eisenhower.

A considerable concourse of reporters, cameramen, broadcasting technicians, and so forth, waited for them at London Airport. The B.B.C. had a land-line booked to the airfield and a golden voice in attendance. Flanked by Mr. Selwyn Lloyd and Mr. Holmes, the U.S.

*chargé d'affaires*, and a quarter of an hour behind schedule (having taken time off to have a peek at General Ridgway), the peripatetic politicians took their places before a row of half a dozen movie-cameras, a score or so of pencils. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd introduced them with a suave reminder of their importance to world peace. Then Mr. Dulles spoke. He was very glad to be here, he said; but he was sorry to be here at the time of the flood disasters. He and Mr. Stassen were here to make personal contact with Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden. No, he would prefer not to answer any questions. (The word *Formosa* was trembling almost audibly in the air.) Someone put a question to Mr. Stassen about American aid and the floods, and he replied briefly. Then the whole party left and drove off in shiny motor-cars to London.

"If I were a Socialist M.P.," an American reporter remarked, "I'd

want to know how much it cost to send Mr. Selwyn Lloyd out here for this kind of party."

Mr. Stassen might like to know too. As head of the Mutual Security Agency, he holds the key to the vaults, and he is not the man to countenance lavishness on the part of any government he is subsidizing. His views, indeed, ring a little ominously down the aseptic corridors of the Welfare State. His aim, he has said, is to "put American economic aid on a businesslike basis, to help other free countries help themselves, and not permit them to waste our aid on Socialist schemes." Mr. Dulles, however, whose main concern at the moment is that we should be on cosier terms with the E.D.C. nations, would probably think the friendly gesture worth the money, so long as we were prepared to repeat it for any visiting Frenchman or Dutchman or Luxembourgish in the same circumstances.



In character Stassen and Dulles are well contrasted. Dulles is a serious, idealistic lawyer, with a passion for detail and a strong religious background. (He almost became a Presbyterian minister.) His maternal grandfather was a Secretary of State (under President Harrison), and so was an uncle (under Woodrow Wilson). His legal career has been mostly in foreign affairs, and the titles of his published books indicate his special preoccupations—*War, Peace and Change* in 1939, *How To Think About War and Peace* in 1944, and, most recently, *War or Peace?* But for Tolstoy, we should no doubt have had yet another.

It became more or less inevitable that Dulles would become Secretary of State in the next Republican administration after his skilful negotiation of the Japanese peace treaty. (The Manila mob who burnt him in effigy as a protest against the "softness" of the terms represented a minority opinion.) He was offered the post of U.S. Ambassador at Tokyo, but refused it; he wanted, said President Truman, to "stay in America to prevent the Republican party from going isolationist." "It is not isolationist," Dulles replied shortly.

Certainly he is no isolationist himself. When he first put forward his ideas about freeing Chiang Kai-shek from the prohibition imposed on him against attacking the

Chinese mainland, the left-wing Press christened him "Dangerous Dulles." Recently the *Daily Worker* accused him roundly of pro-Nazism, alleging business connections with the bankers who supported Hitler and "close relations" with I.G. Farben, "who made the Cyclone gas for Hitler's concentration-camps." He is on record as having said of Alger Hiss in 1946: "I have confidence that there is no reason to doubt Mr. Hiss's complete loyalty"; and Vladimir Clementis "confessed," when on trial in Prague in 1948, that he had had dealings with Dulles.

Dulles began his régime as Secretary of State with a circular to all his staffs demanding "competence, discipline and positive loyalty to the policies that our President and Congress may present." Stassen's approach to the loyalty question is rather more dashing. In his presidential campaign last year he announced that "one of his objectives, if elected, [was] to organize an honest, efficient administration . . . by firing 200,000 Civil Servants and hiring keen, desirable people."

Stassen is, in fact, a far more dashing chap. He was the first presidential aspirant to buy time on commercial TV; his appearance was made during the interval in a wrestling programme. Sometimes he dashes without a very clear idea of how far his dash is likely to carry

him. In his native Minnesota he got away to a flying start; he held public office at twenty-two and was Governor at thirty-one, being twice re-elected. It is perhaps not surprising that he should have trained his sights thenceforward on the White House; but the White House has eluded him so far without much trouble. In the Republican convention of 1948 he collected 157 votes towards nomination. Last year he mustered twenty-eight only, all from his native Minnesota. (No doubt the Civil Service vote went against him.) But he did a very clever thing with his votes when, seeing his own chance of election gone, he stood up just before the official results were announced and presented them all to Eisenhower. This it was that started the landslide which swept Ike home with a record vote. In spite of soreheads like Senator Wayne Morse, who complain that he is a "fuzzy and confused" thinker whose "mind is never clear," it can hardly have surprised anyone when his name was included among the new President's earliest nominations for office.

Whether he or the new Secretary of State can have collected any but fuzzy and confused impressions from their lightning tour is a matter for speculation. One can only hope that their welcome everywhere was sufficiently infused with comradeship to satisfy Mr. Dulles and with austerity to satisfy Mr. Stassen.

B. A. YOUNG

## THE FARMER

A FERMERE was ther with us on ure weye  
That sat up-on an amblere whyte and greye,  
And coude sowe and tillen with the beste;  
In Wiltsheer was his wonyng, fer by weste,  
Bi-side a litel streme that flowed clere;  
Bi-neath his covrechef his eyen were  
Al bryghte, I trowe, and twynckling in his heed,  
As it were right the forneys of a leed.  
Yet gan he with a douncast chere compleyne  
Of hoot and colde, and sonne and winde and reyne,  
For he wolde alweye han the other oon,  
Since al betymes, he seyde, were his foon.  
And over-al he spak a lusty worde  
In lude voys ageyn the milke borde:

I may nat telle it; it may nat avaunce.  
Of subsidyes coude he al the daunce,  
And plowe, and gras, and falwe lond withalle.  
Ful many a noble beste he had in stalle;  
His wyrtes were the fineste up-on londe,  
And al was grist that cam in-to his honde,  
For by his toyle and propre swinke he spedde:  
He slep nat esie on a fether-bedde.  
Of formes tak he litel cure and heede,  
Yet was his harvest gretter than his seede.  
Wel coude he write, and brode-caste al-so,  
And un-to andswers hadde he longe y-go;  
And thogh that he was lered he was rich:  
Arthur he hight, or Ralph, I noot nat which.

G. H. VALLINS



## KNOWING HOW TO KERSH

*After reading Gerald Kersh's "The Great Wash"*

"THIS," said Herbert Thick, "this book. It's full of tricks, you know?"

And he spoke the last words in the American fashion, inquiringly, not like an Englishman, who pronounces them as if with the polite assumption that you do know, of course. For on occasion it pleases Herbert Thick, as it pleases many another Fleet Street man, to show acquaintance with an idiom not his own.

He tapped the book again with the left side of his thumb—his right thumb. You can always tell a true Fleet Street man by the way he taps a book. Herbert Thick said: "But shall I tell you what the tricks are, Ernest? To be, or not to be, that is the question. Shakespeare wrote that, Ernest—poor Shakespeare, who lived from 1564 to the terrible year of 1616, when Cervantes died, too. You know your Cervantes, Ernest?"

I said: "Not any more. I read——"

"—You read Don Quixote, Ernest, in your youth; don't tell me. Now he has passed you by, Ernest, is that it? Alas!" said Herbert Thick. "All, all are gone, the old familiar faces, Ernest. Except——" He gripped my arm. "Look over there, by the door. Surely we saw that man torn limb in limb in 1949?"

"Snoaky Buggs!" I breathed.

Herbert Thick said: "Ah, that comes of being hasty, Ernest. I know it can't be Snoaky Buggs, because in 1949 I stayed to the end of that interesting ceremony. But you refused to stay, Ernest. You took exception, if I remember, to the blood. I told you at the time you would regret it—it would undoubtedly have made a short story for you some time." He looked at the man again. "This must be his brother, Stinky Buggs, the publisher's mark. And the question arises, Ernest—which of us has he come to see?"

"He may not have come to see either of us," I said.

"Think, Ernest," said Herbert Thick. "Reflect. Is this, or is it not, the direction in which his toes are pointed? (And how pointed his toes *are*, Ernest, by the way—) His hat is off; therefore he means to stay. Never for any other reason do the Stinkys of this world remove their hats. He is looking straight at us, Ernest, across a crowded bar. Moreover he has under

his arm, Ernest, a copy of this very book." Herbert Thick tapped it again. "Another publisher's book, Ernest! Consider for a moment what that means. I will wager you the ultimate tensile strength of a casting alloy containing magnesium without heat treatment against that of pure copper—pure copper, Ernest—that he is charged to get either you or me to write one like it."

I said: "What makes you think——" but Herbert Thick silenced me with a gesture, and the man who called himself Stinky Buggs began to advance in our direction, cautiously, as one who fears his welcome. I had seen that look on a man before, once: a man of about Stinky Buggs's height, but with a lower forehead, and more flashily dressed in the style they favoured on Calumet Avenue in Chicago that year—a loose drape, wide, with the side cut like Al's, and one lapel half perforated exactly three-sixteenths of an inch above the second (not the first) fountain-pen clip.

He cringed to a stop before our table, and fingered his book without rapture. His hands were like bundles of asparagus not quite in season. At last he said: "Mr. Thick, sir. I made my way at ger-reat personal ing-cong-venience to see you, Mr. Thick, sir, in this un'oly spot. Tidings is what I bear, Mr. Thick, sir—tidings."

"Indeed!" said Herbert Thick. "But surely they can't be good tidings, Stinky? Even if this were Aix—which it is not—you do not present the appearance of a man who has galloped from Ghent. Nor, Stinky, do there seem at the moment to be three of you. Where is Direk, Stinky? Where is Joris? I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he; I galloped, Direk galloped, we galloped all three—eh, Ernest?"

"No, look, now, Mr. Thick, sir," said Stinky Buggs. "You got to listen. It's the boss. There's a commission——"

"—A commission," said Herbert Thick. "What did I say, Ernest? So the inconceivably loathsome publisher who keeps you alive, Stinky, my poor friend, has the idea of cashing in on this sort of best-seller, has he?" His hand closed like a claw on Stinky Buggs's sleeve, and he said: "On what terms?" He began to



hum one of the themes of the Fifth as sketched by the great Ludwig van Beethoven in 1801—six years before the final version was published.

"And what makes you think, Stinky," Herbert Thick continued, "that I would even consider doing it? For this book, even apart from the schoolboy sadism of its big scene—I ask you, Ernest, torture by men in white coats!—is full, as I pointed out, of tricks. The central one, Ernest, is the establishment of the hero, the narrator's friend, as a personage of enormous, wide culture and accomplishment, the complete man, a combination of Sherlock Holmes, Bulldog Drummond, Einstein, Bertrand Russell and the late Tommy Handley. And this is done by means of quotations and references that are a trifle—but only a trifle, Ernest, old friend—above the head of the average ignorant reader: a device used by, among others, Edgar Wallace, whose influence I detect, along with that of Kipling, here. But I forbear to mention him, Ernest, in my cultural moments."

I said: "You have cultural moments, Herbert?"

"Don't tell me my exhibitionism is in vain," said Herbert Thick. "It makes me a picturesque character, Ernest, by the easiest method. The very youngest beginning novelists do it. It does so delight them to display their learning, and they don't realize, Ernest—they don't realize that it shows."

I said: "I thought that was the idea."

Herbert Thick raised his glass and held it to the

light. It is an old trick of his, simple but effective, that shows him the state of the beer. I have seen him reject a whole glass of beer because his eye has caught a crumb floating in it. Men describe that occasion still: it was in the old Galley and Stick in Fleet Street—not the present Galley and Stick, but the real one, the old one of the great days, where one could often have an interesting evening. I have seen two sub-editors completely pulverized in the private bar there . . . But that, again, will make another story.

Herbert Thick said: "But the hideous thing is, Ernest, don't you see . . ." (etc.)

RICHARD MALLETT

#### PUNCH EXHIBITION IN U.S.

THE Exhibition of original drawings from *Punch* which has lately been on view in New York and Philadelphia will be at the Library of Congress, Washington, from February 13 to March 13.

The times of opening are:

Weekdays—9.30 A.M. to 10.00 P.M.

Sundays and Holidays—11.30 A.M. to 10.00 P.M.

The Exhibition will be at the Art Institute, Chicago, during April and the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, during May.



-Frankland



## SNAX AT JAX

XVIII

"OW are yer, Dick?" asked Jack genially as the door opened.

"Lovely," said the vegetable man, with a backward glance at his horse outside. "'Ow are you?"

"I'm lovely too," said Jack complacently. "Old Streamline 'appy?"

"The 'orse?" said the vegetable man. "Oh, it's a *save*, it is really. A real *save*. Cold days I 'ad to keep the injin runnin' on that old van. And 'ow's old Taff?"

"'Eavy mornin' up the iron-mongers," said Taff, dejected, and wearing oversized circular rubber heels. "Loada new fireplaces."

"'E's all right now 'is tissues 've been re-tished," said Jack. "Only when 'e came in, though."

"Oo, dead funny," broke in Taff, "when old Kitey and me goes to fix up a fireplace in old Ma Parfitt's sister-in-law's, Friday. This party, she says 'Come in!' she says. 'Take yer 'ats and coats off.' Old Kitey, 'e says 'What are we?' 'e says. 'Goin' to bed, then?' Oo, I rolled up!"

"Yer," said Dick. "Try to be cheerful with some customers, and

*honest*. No, well look. I'll just prove you something. I read in the papers about tons of bananas bein' fed to pigs. 'Course," he conceded, "They'd gone beyond. Only it's a bit naughty, innit, when these old girls blame me—" he broke off at a faint clatter outside and rushed to the door with a cry of "*Werdup dere! Girrada!*" and the clatter subsided. "Yerss," he said, sauntering back. "It's all wrong, yer know."

"Well, bananas," said Taff. "Only I draw the line at quid notes. You see that about a native geezer in Rhodesia 'ung out some notes to dry after it'd bin rainin', and this goat of some other geezer's comes and wolfs the lot down. Six of 'em. So 'e does this goat in and whips the old notes out, starts dryin' them orf again more or less chewed up and the other geezer sues 'im for six nicker on account of 'e's done 'is goat in."

"Weerl," said Jack, "you want to take 'arf what you read with a dose of salts."

"Wass wrong with that?" asked Taff. "My old dad 'ad near enough 'arf one trousers leg chewed orf by a goat leanin' over a stile lookin' at the view once."

"That sorta thing 'appens in Wales, I s'p'ose," said the vegetable man. "Proper pit-'ead drama. You are Welsh, aren't you, Taff, eh? When they christened you with a name like that? Always reminds me of that song:

*Do you know my brother Keith?  
'E plays scrum-'arf for Neath."*

"If," said Taff loftily—"if I might be allowed to get a flamin' word in edgewise, it was near Sideup."

He reverted sulkily to rolling one of his circular heels back and forth along the foot-rail.

"Cheer up, my old Taff," said Jack. "Unless, o' course, you got an 'eavy afternoon comin' up too. 'Ow about this, then?"

He detached a wooden poker-work scroll from the wall.

"Else bought it for the Noo Year," he remarked. "Definition of a Customer. Read it, shall I?

*A customer is a person who*

*It is our job to serve.*

*So if your meal is not quite right*

*It's up to you*

*To tell us true,*

*If you have got the nerve.*

Nice sentiment."

"Gor blimey," said Dick. "'Ow does it end up? 'Later a man was detained'? I never 'eard such a lot of old madam."

"You tell old Else that," said Jack, "and she won't go much on it. Really speakin', she got it off of a stall up at that Fête-worse-than-death they 'ad up the park, August, only she only found it clearin' out over Christmas."

He hung it back on its nail.

"Well," he said. "You can't say we don't try. 'Ullo, door's a bit fidgety."

The door was oscillating gently and creaking.

"Stone me," said the vegetable man. "*Girrupabackderegel!*"

"Watch out for Else," said Jack. "Ther's some bye-lawr about 'orses comin' in. She knows all the regulations, Else: 'as it all orf like a piece-a poetry."

The door creaked more loudly, and the end of a horse's nose appeared.

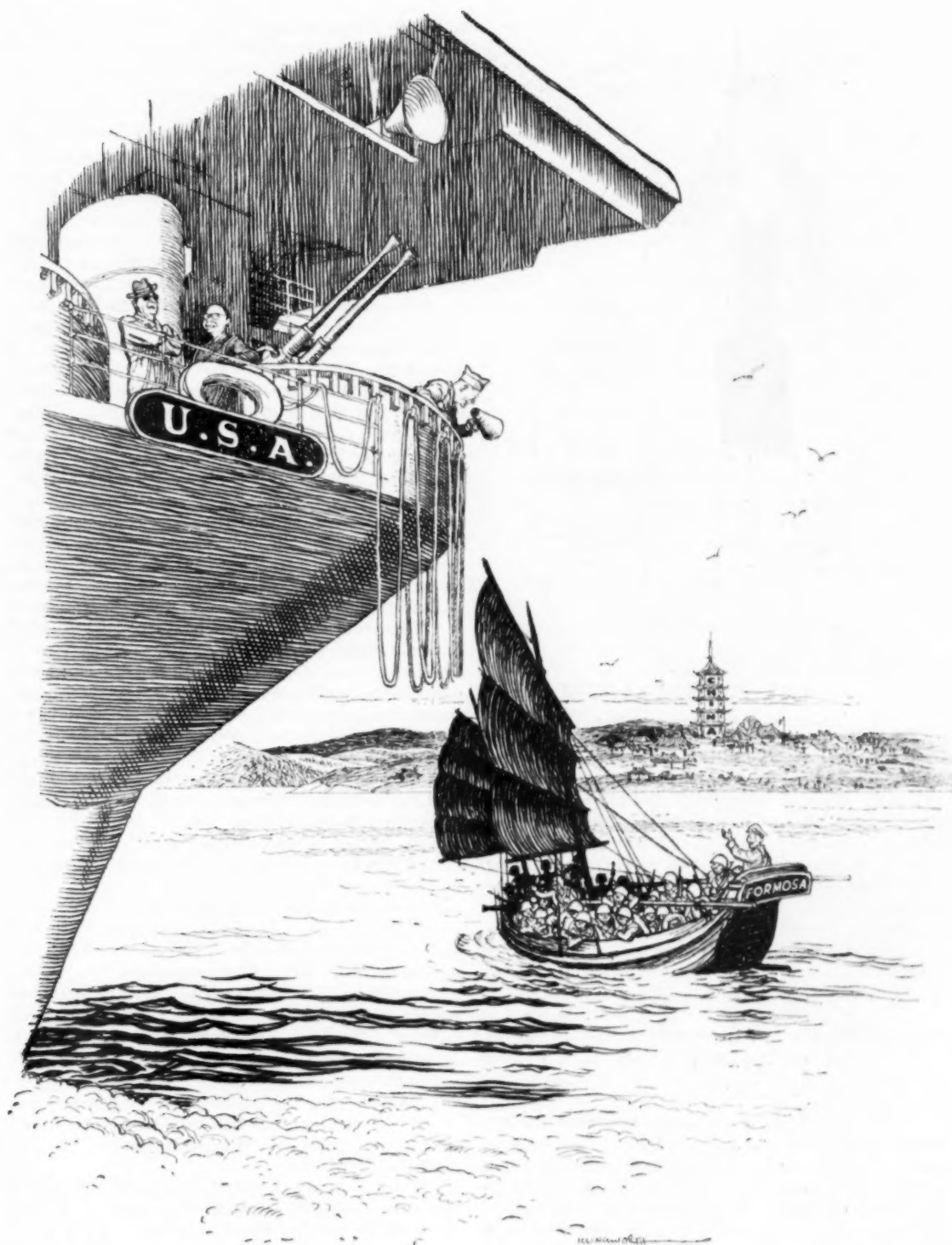
"'Ow about one of these oat-cakes?" suggested Jack. "Four'n-'arf each: cheaper at 'arf the price. Geerdup there! Badly disciplined, innce? Like a blinkin' gymkhana. You know: several 'orses refused jumps and one was led away arguin'."

"Best be orf, really," said the vegetable man, sighing to his feet and advancing towards the steaming breath in the doorway.

"Best thing for that 'orse," called Jack, "is sign on for seven and five in the cavalry, and 'ave a corporal shoutin' the step all the time: Clip! Clip! Clip-Clap-Clip! Well, see ya. All the best. Mind 'ow you go!" ALAN HACKNEY



"It's a must."



"PROCEED INDEPENDENTLY"



## THE ADVENTURE OF THE MISSING LAUREATE

### IV - Holmes Weaves His Net

*The Iron Hand School of Journalism is an organization designed to extract literary work from established writers by means of intimidation and physical violence. An attempt made by Sherlock Holmes to come to grips with its formidable principal, Thomas Hardy, is cut short when emissaries of the Vatican visit Baker Street with an urgent call for help from the Pope, but the detective is given a second opportunity when Hardy, coveting the Laureateship, kidnaps Lord Tennyson from his London hotel. Holmes's first moves are adroitly countered, and he decides to postpone his reckoning with the criminal and to concentrate on the rescue of his victim.*

"NOW, Watson," said Sherlock Holmes, as we sat together at breakfast, "where is the Lord Tennyson?"

"I have no idea."

"Tut, man, consider the facts! We know that the Laureate was abducted in a packing-case, and we may assume that he was first stunned or drugged, since any outcry would have spelt disaster. Where would he be taken? Clearly to somewhere near at hand, so that he might be incarcerated before he was capable of raising an alarm. We may thus eliminate Max Gate, Hardy's Dorchester home."

"Excellent!" I cried.

"But very elementary. Would he then be carried

to Hardy's Bloomsbury lodgings? Here his gaolers would be Hardy himself, Mrs. Hardy, and perhaps one maidservant. Now, we know that Hardy, though apparently frail, was capable of snapping Thomas Carlyle's tibia between his fingers like a rotten twig. While he was in the Bloomsbury lodgings, escape would be impossible. But what would happen directly he was absent? One determined rush, and Mrs. Hardy and the servant would go down like corn before the sickle, and the Laureate, trampling them underfoot, would burst his way to freedom. No, Watson, there is only one solution to the problem. The Laureate is held prisoner in the Iron Hand School of Journalism."

*Holmes assumes a disguise and visits the Iron Hand School of Journalism. On his return he tells Watson of an encounter in the gymnasium with a dissatisfied student named Frank Gudgeon.*

"We could do little more than exchange a whisper or two," said Holmes, "since the monster himself was standing within a few yards of us, bending an iron bar in his teeth. I arranged that this fellow should visit us at four o'clock, and it is his step, if I mistake not, that I hear upon the stair."

The man who entered the room a moment later was a powerfully-built, sullen-looking fellow, heavily bearded, and of perhaps forty years of age. He answered Holmes's questions readily enough, his face darkening with anger as he dwelt upon his grievances.

"Time and again," he exclaimed, "I have risked life and limb for the Iron Hand! It was I who bore the brunt of it when we took Meredith and Henley: I who swam across the Thames after Gissing, with Stevenson's bullets humming round my ears! And what is my reward? A Swinburne triolet, sold third time out to *Needlework* for half a crown, and a Froude 'how-to-make,' rejected by every editor in London! Frank Gudgeon has paid a heavy price for his only appearance in print, as Doctor Watson here will realize if he will but put his ear to the small of my back!"

I did as he requested, listening intently for perhaps a minute.

"I cannot hear anything unusual," I said.

"You can't, eh?" he snarled, giving me a look that made me feel very glad that I had my revolver in my pocket. "You can't? Well, maybe not, but, by the living Jingo, I bear the mark of Coventry Patmore's stiletto, and I have that within my thorax which I owe to Thomas Hardy, and which warns me that if I am to be revenged upon him I must act without delay!"

Holmes sat in silence for some moments.

"Where is the Lord Tennyson?" he asked at last.

"He is locked in the small arms store on the second floor of the Iron Hand School of Journalism."

"He is guarded?"

"Cyril Galbraith, a powerful mulatto, sleeps outside the door, and the Laureate is visited at irregular intervals by Hardy himself, who holds the key."

"Very well. Now, Gudgeon, you have, by your own confession, fallen into evil courses, and have much upon your conscience. Play tricks with me, and I'll crush you. Help me, and the world need never know



of your part in these dastardly outrages. You have a key to the school premises?"

"Yes."

"Then to-night, at a quarter past ten exactly, you will enter the building. Having made quite sure that Hardy is not on the premises, you will approach Galbraith and offer him a pull at your brandy flask, into which you will previously have dropped a capsule which I shall give you. Within five minutes he will be insensible. At precisely half-past ten you will open the main door of the building. This will act as a signal to my friend and myself, who will be dealing with a burst water main on the other side of the street. In certain circumstances it may be necessary to alter our plans. I envisage two possibilities: first, that Hardy is, in fact, in the building; second, that Galbraith refuses the brandy."

"If Hardy were on that day bound hand and foot and double-locked into the deepest dungeon in the Tower of London," said Gudgeon emphatically, "your first possibility would still be the more likely."

"Well, well, we must leave nothing to chance. In the first eventuality you will disarm Hardy's suspicions by asking some question about, say, the market for Christmas-card verses. You will not, of course, open the main door, and our attempt must be postponed. In the second you will catch Galbraith off his guard and stun him with a heavy blow from some blunt instrument—the life preserver that I see protruding from your waistcoat would do admirably."

"And now, Doctor," said Holmes, when our visitor had departed, "we have a dangerous night's work ahead of us, and five hours to spend before we need start. I strongly advise you to try to get a little sleep."

*"And when, in heaven's name," my readers may be asking, "is Holmes to be brought to grips with Thomas Hardy?" I am sorry if I have lingered unduly on the way to my climax, but my whole object has been to offer as much helpful material as possible to other writers of similar tales, who, for all I know, are at this very moment sitting before blank sheets of paper and grinding their teeth in desperation. I promise, however, that in the next instalment Holmes and Hardy will be found at opposite ends of a length of rope on which Watson dangles helplessly in mid-air, that Lord Tennyson will be rescued and that a startling new development will bring the tale to a dramatic conclusion.*

T. S. WATT

T. S. WATT

From the caption to a *Yorkshire Post* photograph:

"Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery, at a ceremony in Durham Standard in the Coronation procession at Westminster Abbey, who will carry the Royal ex-Service men at the Drill Hall, Gilesgate, Durham yesterday. Hy on June 2, photographed with Mr. Joseph Nicholls (extreme left) a sergeant of Gateshead, are the Field-Marshal is talking Croix de Guerre. Viscount Montgownho holds the D.C.M., M.M. and Town Hall."

Oh, come—now you're getting silly.

### POST-PRANDIAL ODE

HOW sleep the brave who sink to rest,  
Letting their Sunday lunch digest,  
While sisters, daughters, aunts and wives  
Cope with the dishes, forks and knives,  
Retrieve each errant coffee-cup,  
And wash them—*very quietly*—up?

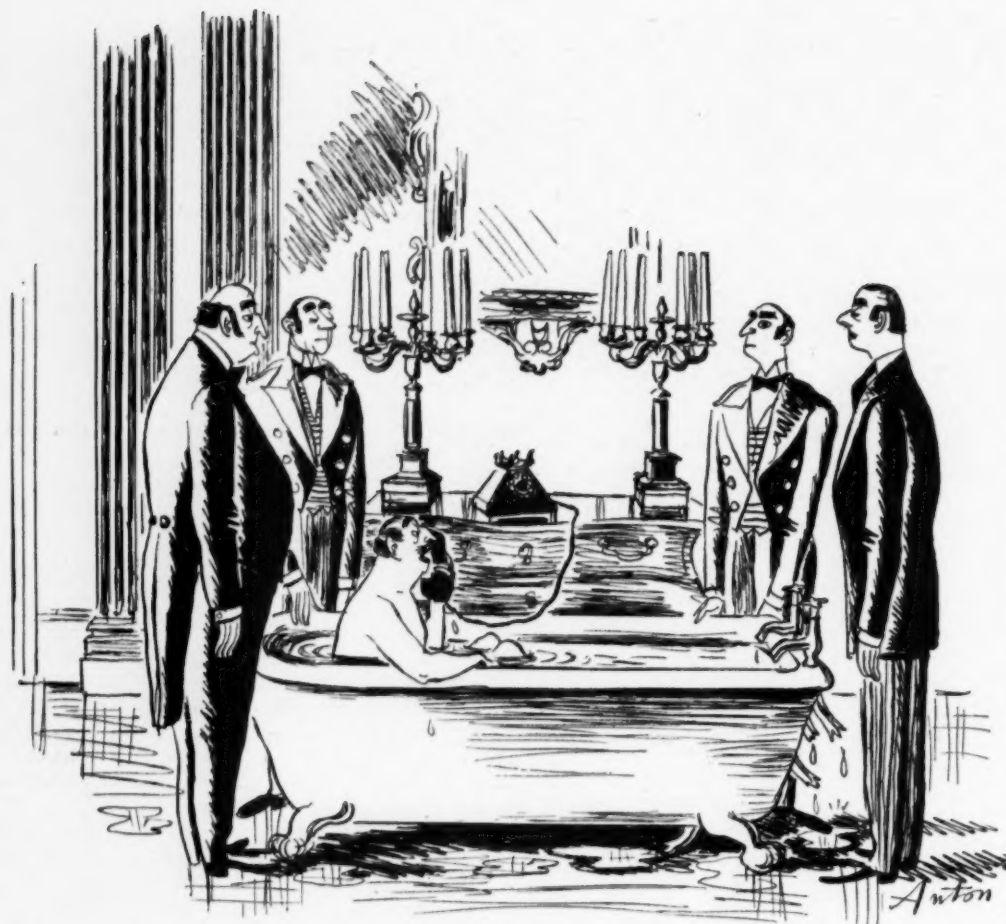
I much regret it, but—to tell  
The truth—they sleep extremely well;  
Quite unmolested, it would seem,  
By conscience or by troubled dream;  
Oblivious of each well-timed sigh  
Uttered by those who tip-toe by . . .

So sleep the brave who sink to rest,  
And since I chance to be their guest  
I'll leave them at this point, I think,  
And join the rest who brave the sink.

E. V. MILNER



"Do you like it, dear?"



*"Good gracious no, of course you didn't get me out of my bath."*

## SERVICE STATION

**"THAT's all, men."** Mulrooney's face was unusually grave as he moved among us, shaking us each by the hand. "Now get out there and win!"

We grinned, turned on our heels and doubled out into the forecourt. The first car of the day was just pulling up at the pumps. We made for it like a pack of wildcats, fanning out as we ran.

Rumbold reached the car first. Flinging open the offside door he forced a cigar into the driver's mouth. Tomlinson lit it. I could hear Fairweather cursing as he wrestled with a stubborn valve-cap. Leaping on

to the running-board I swept a clean leather across the windscreen.

I signalled to Mulrooney for a replacement for the windscreen-wiper, but he mistook my signal and sent me a replacement for Fairweather. I detailed the newcomer to help Miss Driffield, who had brought her manicure trolley into action and was varnishing the lady passenger's nails through the side window.

Conscious that Mulrooney was watching me, I undid one side of the bonnet and flung it open, just as Tomlinson performed exactly the same manoeuvre on the other side. Rumbold silenced the driver with

another cigar while I checked the oil level. We replaced the bonnet, closed all doors and stood back, panting. The car drove off.

Mulrooney clicked his stopwatch and slipped it into his pocket. We turned to him expectantly.

"Next time," he said, "we're going to do better. Next time we're going to sell the driver just the teeniest drop of petrol."

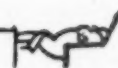
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### Mightier than the Sword

"The most popular event was the tossing of the sabre—a specially large sabre 21 feet long and weighing two hundredweight."—*China Mail*



## IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT



Monday, February 2

Party strife vanished in the House of Commons to-day as if at the wave of some good and sensible fairy's wand, and the whole House put its mind to a grim task. For Mr. CHURCHILL announced to the silent and shocked legislators some news of the great flood and gale damage—with the loss of hundreds of lives—that had been inflicted on the East Coast during the week-end, and the "full magnitude" of which, in life and property, could not yet be appreciated because of the breakdown of communications.

But it was known that the disaster was on a national scale, calling for national action. And that, said Mr. C., his chin jutting as it used to in the grimmest days of the war, would be taken. The Ministers immediately concerned were to meet as often as necessary, and certainly at least once a day, and they would act speedily and decisively. The full resources of the State were at their disposal, and he asked for the undivided support of the House.

Mr. HERBERT MORRISON at once pledged this, for the Opposition, and drew from the P.M. a cry of "Thank you very much!" when he said there would certainly be no

difficulty about "pairing" if Ministers and other Members felt they ought to be in the country rather than in the House.

The tragedy stabbed home most intimately to Members when it was announced that one of their number, that bluff and charming man, Sir WALTER SMILES, Member for North Down, was among the one hundred and thirty drowned when the ferry boat from Scotland to Northern Ireland had foundered in the gale.

But the political battle must go on, and several Members put strong pressure on Mr. CHURCHILL to say what passed between him and President Eisenhower and others during the P.M.'s recent "holiday." "No," said Mr. C., "they were *private* talks, and I have *nothing* to say except that I did *not* enter into any commitments, official or *un-official*!" And not all the wily cross-examination of Opposition Members could add one single fact to that sparse information.

Attempts were made to raise on the adjournment the statement of President Eisenhower (not then made, but "forecast" in such precise terms that it could not be doubted) that the U.S. Fleet was no longer to be stationed in the waters off Formosa. The P.M. promised a statement by Mr. EDEN—to-morrow.

The debate was on agricultural

policy, complete with vote of censure on the Government for allegedly not having a good one. This was defeated, late at night, by 254 votes to 199.

Tuesday, February 3

It is a pity our elected legislators do not glance up occasionally at the public galleries in the Commons. Had they done so to-day, they would have learned a great deal about that elusive thing "public reaction," for there was something very like disgust on most faces when it was realized that there was taking place on the Floor a Party fight—on the question of the tragic floods.

Gone was the "let-us-pull-together" attitude that had given such comfort and encouragement to the suffering and the afflicted of the East Coast. In its place, implications that the disaster might have been avoided but for some months-old Governmental request for economy in steel, and a general—if vague—suggestion that it was all the Government's fault anyway. Most Members clearly shared the sense of shame that such an atmosphere could be allowed to prevail in face of so overwhelming a disaster.

There was a general cheer, indeed, when Mr. Speaker, grave and



THE SPEAKER: I was anxious to prevent what is a great national disaster becoming a party matter.



rebuking, expressed the hope that this would not be allowed to become a Party matter and reminded *all* Members—"wherever they sat"—that they bore some responsibility in face of this "great national disaster." The House fell silent, but it was clear that the occupants of the galleries had not forgotten the charges of "sabotage by the Tories" and "obnoxious humbug" that had been made by Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN in an angry moment, or the noisy fury of Mr. EMANUEL SHINWELL which had drawn from the imperturbable Home Secretary an appeal that he should "compose himself."

Mr. EDEN, when he came to deal with Formosa, rather torpedoed the Opposition critics by making it very, very plain that he and his colleagues strongly disapproved of the United States Government's apparent decision to set General Chiang Kai-shek free to do as he willed, using his headquarters at Formosa as the starting-point. The British Government had protested within twenty-four hours of the "unfortunate" decision being reported to it. But the position was that the United States Government, having made a unilateral decision when the fighting in Korea first started, had now *altered* that decision unilaterally—so that nothing multilateral, or even bilateral, could be done about it. Mr. MORRISON asked, reasonably, for a speedy debate.

Many more attempts were made to induce Mr. CHURCHILL to say something specific—or anything at all—about his talks in the U.S.A., but in vain. Nothing was added to the House's knowledge. "The Indomitable No-man," as they call him, got a trifle angry, and Mr. BEVAN, on the other side (he sounded at least *as* angry), broke the tension by rapping: "*Keep your temper, please!*" That seemed to strike everybody as pretty rich and funny.

And so to a debate on the work of the recent Commonwealth Economic Conference, opened by

Mr. R. A. BUTLER. He said we could look forward to a period of relative stability, economically speaking, but that we should have to *go on* working hard, doing without and producing more. On the whole, he seemed to imply that the nation was steady on the tight-rope; but that rival performer, Mr. HUGH GAITSKELL, was not at all sure that the balancing-act was so steady after all. Mr. EDEN wound up



the debate, but there was no vote, so we do not know who won the argument.

#### Wednesday, February 4

Bachelor Lord LLEWELLIN showed what a brave man he was when, in the House of Lords, he had a thing or two to say *against* the admission of Ladies as members of the Upper House. They had bees in their bonnets and were bossy, he said firmly, and he was not in favour of their presence as legislators. It was the brightest speech in the debate on Lord SIMON's Bill to authorize the creation of Life Peers (and

Peeresses). Eventually the Bill was ordered to lie on the table, while an all-Party conference on the whole future of the House of Lords is conducted.

Major GWILYM LLOYD-GEORGE introduced a new technique into the announcement of Government policy when, in the Commons, he made it known that sweet rationing was to end forthwith. He was so brief and casual about it that not until half the Press Gallery had hastily precipitated itself through the doors, en route for the telephones, did the House realize what had been said, and then there was a loud cheer from the Government side.

The debate was on the Transport Bill, but nobody seemed to care much.

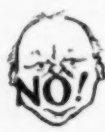
#### Thursday, February 5

Mr. EDEN again made it plain that the United States decision to "cease protecting Red China," by taking away the warships standing off Formosa, had been made by no wish of his, but he was convinced that the U.S. still wanted to work with us for peace. It was, indeed, a curious debate, for all seemed of one mind on the point under discussion, and what differences there were were on interpretation of U.S. motives. The Left had its (invariable) point of view on this and the Government had another. But it did not appear that much could be done about it.

#### Friday, February 6

The fate of historic houses was discussed, and the Ministers responsible for Nationalized Industries looked a trifle self-conscious, as the indirect tenants or owners of a good many of them. It turned out to be one of those harmless, useful, pleasant debates so often heard on Private Members' Fridays.

GUY EDEN



## THE MOON ON HIS BACK

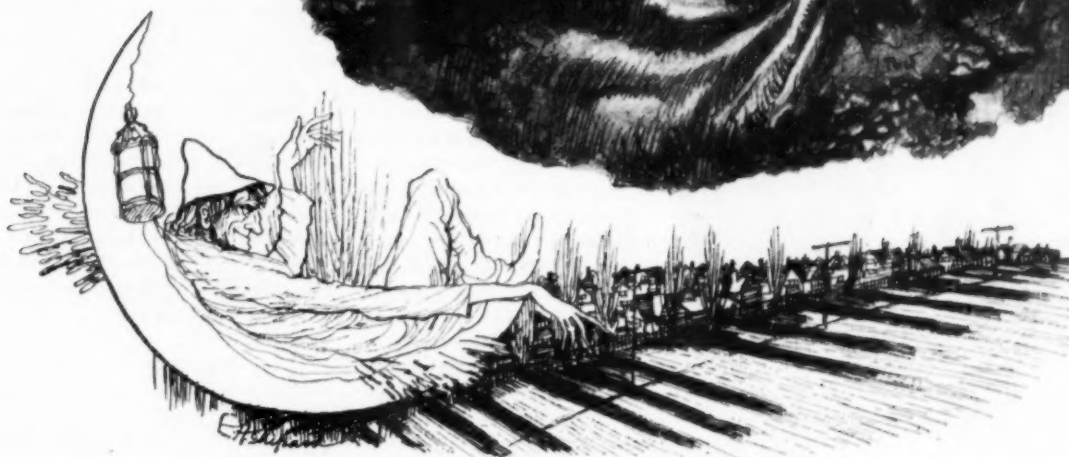
WHEN skies hang black  
in a pall of ebony  
and sequin stars  
are afire with frost  
and roofs rank white  
on a ghostly chequerboard,  
the moon on his back  
lies with sharp knees crossed.

He finds no lack  
of leisure for his lingering  
for no winds whisper  
and the hills stand frore;  
and throned in a Thule  
of silence, shimmering,  
the moon on his back  
cons a secret lore.

The roofs' trim track  
makes the keys of his clavichord,  
the poplars a harp  
for his hand to pluck,  
and the falling star  
is a casual quaver that  
the moon on his back  
has idly struck.

He knows the knack  
of the thoughtless listening  
that spells from silence  
a silver rune;  
in crystal halls  
of the windless spaces  
the moon on his back  
sets the world in tune.

ALUN LLEWELLYN





## AT THE PLAY



### *The Gift* (ST. MARTIN'S)—*The Breadwinner* (THE ARTS)

THE ophthalmic surgeon is a newcomer to the stage. Never before, so far as I know, have his teasing rows of little letters declining into blurred nothingness taken a hand in English drama. In this Miss MARY LUMSDEN is a pioneer, as she is also in finding a plot among the intricacies of the operation of grafting a cornea from one human being to another. The eyes have it in *The Gift*, and up to a point make a gripping play.

That point comes in the second scene of the first of the two acts, when Miss LUMSDEN, having prepared her ground carefully, moved us considerably, and certainly held our sympathy, throws probability out of the window and, risking everything for theatrical excitement, gains a mere surface tension at the cost of the genuine emotions. It is like watching a cautious gambler unexpectedly abandoning his system by slamming all his patient winnings on an outside chance. We have seen the surgeon's young sister-in-law struggling with blindness, we have learned that a

cornea-graft might cure her but that the queue for corneas must keep her waiting several years; and till then, owing a good deal to telling acting by Miss ANNE CRAWFORD, we mind. The girl is sensible, a medical student, and though it is a hard business she is more capable of waiting than most. Here, however, the theatre takes over from life. Her sister, the surgeon's wife, insists on sacrificing one of her own eyes immediately, giving the insufficient reason of a guilty conscience for having married the surgeon, with whom they are both in love, through a trick. By sentimental pleading of the most illogical kind she persuades this pillar of his profession to break with etiquette and perform the operation himself; and though it succeeds in its object, she dies.

Supremely good writing might have covered some of the cracks in this novelettish plot. Miss LUMSDEN's is sincere, but the cracks show, and the conventional dialogue in the critical scene between the surgeon and his wife lets the play down seriously. It retains, as I said, surface excitement, but that is all. They are taken care of by Miss CRAWFORD (though she has to suffer an inexplicable change of nature), by Mr. SEBASTIAN SHAW, whose performance is authentically Harley Street in character if not behaviour, and by Mr. MICHAEL GWYNN, who is developing rapidly in straight plays, as his assistant. For failing to make the surgeon's wife convincing Miss EDEN GRAY is not much to be blamed. Miss JANET BURNELL is only the secretary, but by honest unassuming acting has an influence bigger than her part.

is not acted as it should be, but even so the futilities of the young people of the 'thirties seem to have lost their power to amuse. Mr. MAUGHAM had to satirize them in their own idiom, and though I think the play still reads well, the *Battle* family is rather tedious on the stage. Perhaps we are too close. It is a pity, for the central situation of



[*The Breadwinner*  
Charles Battle—MR. DENYS BLAKELOCK

Mr. Battle's courageous desertion of his pernicious dependants remains tremendously effective, and his speeches are as fresh as on the day they were written. This production is unbalanced. Miss SONIA DRESDER overplays Mrs. Battle, relying on an extravagance of comic artifice, while Mr. DENYS BLAKELOCK underplays Mr. Battle. In its dryness his performance is nearly good, but behind his charm is missing the steel core necessary for so heroic an enterprise. All the same, in an erratic cast he is far the truest to his author.

#### Recommended

*The Merchant of Venice* (Old Vic), *Dear Charles* (New), a comedy which suits Yvonne Arnaud, and, for a musical, *Love from Judy* (Saville).

ERIC KEOWNS



[*The Gift*  
Julie Dennison—MISS ANNE CRAWFORD  
Sir David Crossley—MR. SEBASTIAN SHAW

The revival of *The Breadwinner* is disappointing. It





### The Net—Time Bomb

THERE is a problem that comes up from time to time for the writer on films: how to reconcile what he recalls to have been his appreciation of a film while he was watching it, on the one hand, with his later consideration of it, on the other. I'm quite sure that at the time I enjoyed *The Net* (Director: ANTHONY ASQUITH), and I would defend it as a good film anyway; and yet the more I think about it afterwards the more points come to light that could, if merely listed, give any reader a thoroughly unfavourable impression. It's enough to make one's heart sink, for one thing, to know that the story is founded on that all-time but more especially recent favourite, the neglected-wife situation: the brilliant young research man's adoring wife cannot induce him to pay any attention to her. For another, the film is up very much the same street as *The Sound Barrier*, and the flying sequences (which were the strong point of *The Sound Barrier*) are not nearly so impressive, having had to be in some degree faked—because the 'plane concerned is a new one, "three times as fast as the fastest supersonic aircraft to-day," with

"nuclear motors." The big suspense scenes too (strained faces in the plotting-room while the pilot's voice booms from the loud-speaker) are on a familiar pattern, and so is much of the plain dramatic narrative: parties, domestic duologues, back-room conferences, exterior scenes at the guarded gate of the air research station which is surrounded metaphorically as well as in a sense literally by "the net." It has all, if you insist, been done before. Yet it is so well done here, with such soothing ease, competence and credibility in all the ordinary exchanges (I agree, this is the very least one should demand in anything, but one by no means always gets it), that the whole thing has a kind of gleam. This is not the same thing as the vitality of something fresh, but it certainly seems the next best thing. JAMES DONALD as the dedicated scientist and PHYLLIS CALVERT as his anxious and devoted wife make these well-worn characters quite believable, and many of the subsidiary people do well.

*Time Bomb* (Director: TED TETZLAFF) is a cracking good small-scale picture made with the simplest possible dramatic ingredients. It has one American star and an American director, but is otherwise British, and at the beginning they acknowledge help from British Railways and the Admiralty; from these two respected institutions comes a great deal of its strength, but that is not to say that anyone else could have used the facilities so well. The simple central situation is another old favourite, the race against time to stop a devastating explosion. There is the sort of crowd manipulation that was in *Seven Days to Noon*, and the sort of hair-trigger anxiety about the bomb itself that was in *The Small Back Room*; essentially you might say it is the same sort of picture as these; but it's more concentrated—it is, as I said, small-scale, an excellent example of perfect

success in a more limited field. GLENN FORD appears as a bomb-disposal expert called in to deal with a train-load of naval mines in which a saboteur has set a time-fuse: he has to work his way through the load, and we watch him at it. The train has been diverted to a siding near Birmingham, and meanwhile the police are evacuating thousands of people from all round. A subsidiary theme involves ANNE VERNON as another loving but exasperated wife. This is a thoroughly attractive film, fresh and intelligent and visually good as well as gripping.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

With *Time Bomb* was another excellent suspense piece, *Jeopardy*; this made a first-rate double-feature programme they removed as quickly as possible to make room for more expensive, pretentious "box-office." The late LOUIS JOUVET reappears in a beautiful bit of comic acting in *Dr. Knock. Les Jeux Interdits* (14/1/53) continues.

Best release is *The Prisoner of Zenda* (21/1/53).

RICHARD MALLETT



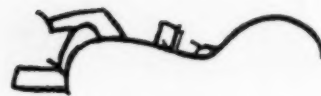
[The Net]  
Heathley—JAMES DONALD



[Time Bomb]  
Peter Lyncoot—GLENN FORD



## BOOKING OFFICE



## Stalin's Short Way with Satellites

**TITO Speaks** (Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 21/-) is described on its dust jacket as "the full story of Marshal Tito of Yugoslavia, told largely in his own words." The chronicler, Vladimir Dedijer, will be remembered by visitors to Belgrade as an ebullient character in brown corduroy, with fluent rather than accurate English. It would be absurd to expect such a volume to provide anything but an adulatory and largely conventional portrait. Revolutionary careers have, in any case, tended to become as standardized as lives of the saints. Even the photographs included by way of illustration bear a striking similarity to one another. There is invariably a factory group with Our Hero in overalls, another of him doing time (though how these prison snapshots get taken has never been explained), and yet another of him as a partisan. His subsequent appearance as a lavishly decorated, genially dignified and amply girthed V.I.P. follows as inevitably as, in corresponding Victorian biographies, the Lord Mayor follows the industrious apprentice, or the gaitered ecclesiastic the earnest curate or missionary.

If, however, *Tito Speaks* sheds little new light on the character and career of its subject, its account of the famous quarrel which led to Tito's excommunication from the Stalinist Elect is decidedly interesting and informative. This episode is of outstanding importance, not only because of the large consequences which have flowed from it in relation to the Cold War situation but also because of the manner in which it illustrates relations between the Kremlin and the satellite governments. The picture which emerges of Stalin summoning his vice-regents to Moscow, and flattering or rebuking them according to the exigencies of the moment, is quite fascinating. His rough, impish humour (in its different context, oddly reminiscent of Lord Beaverbrook's) is excellently conveyed—as when, on being informed by the Yugoslav Foreign Minister, Kardelj, that another Yugoslav, Dr. Smotrov, was dead, he remarked: "Did he drink too much, perhaps? Surgeons like drinking, you know."

There is a natural tendency to suppose that behind the Iron Curtain plans are carefully made and relentlessly implemented. The same assumptions were made about the Nazis. Only after their defeat was it learned that they operated in an even greater muddle than we did ourselves. Stalin likewise would appear to have made every possible mistake and misjudgment in dealing with the Yugoslavs. For instance, it was scarcely prudent, in explaining why the Soviet Government had supported Italy's claims for her former colonies, to remark: "Emperors, when unable to agree on the division of their spoils, used to give the disputed territory to the weakest feudal lord," who, Stalin

added, "was usually a foreigner, so the emperors overthrew him with all the greater ease when he became a nuisance." From the point of view of the satellite countries, to whose delegates the observation was addressed, it was not very encouraging. They are unlikely, too, to have been cheered by the following exchange on the subject of Benelux, when it was cited by Kardelj as an example of the kind of customs union which, to Stalin's great displeasure, had been mooted in Eastern Europe:

STALIN. Benelux, that's nothing.

KARDELJ. There is Belgium, there is Luxembourg.

STALIN. And nobody else.

KARDELJ. There is the Netherlands.

STALIN. No.

KARDELJ. Yes, the Netherlands are in. Look at the name of Benelux. It means, Belgium, Netherlands and Luxembourg.

STALIN (very angry). When I say 'no,' it means NO.

Such exchanges ring true. They fit in with all that is known of the ways of the Soviet dictator. In any case, there is the correspondence between Moscow and Belgrade just before the rupture which has already been published and cannot now be falsified on either side. This correspondence, indeed, provides one of the basic documents of the Cold War. The Kremlin's peremptory tone, the respectful, almost apologetic, presentation of grievances by the Yugoslavs, the arbitrary summonses to Moscow and the hurried response to them, all serve to convey what being a satellite is like. It is in a way comforting to learn that a particular source of trouble was the high pay Soviet officers and technical advisers insisted on receiving by comparison with the locals. We have all come across that sort of difficulty.

Tito, however, was more concerned with survival than with any of these subjects of controversy when he refused to attend the meeting of the Cominform at which he knew he would, at the very least, have to beat his breast in an act of public penitence. His prudence has been amply justified. Of those who did attend the meeting in question not one is now alive and in favour. To attempt to argue that Tito revolted against the barbarities of the Soviet régime is a forlorn enterprise. He knew all about them long before he fell out of favour himself. Nor is it plausible to suggest that Tito reacted as a Yugoslav patriot when he realized that Soviet imperialism was as greedy and oppressive as Tsarist imperialism had been in its day. His performance during the period of the Nazi-Soviet Pact was scarcely compatible with strong patriotic proclivities. What he did see very clearly, and correctly, was that if he bowed to the Kremlin's demands he was finished—in the most literal sense. Like the Abbé Sieyès, he decided to remain alive, and his subsequent policy,

both in relation to Russia and to the Western Powers, has followed logically from that decision. The pity is that in the West there is a tendency to justify taking full advantage of this situation by asserting, and even believing, that Tito's régime is enlightened and humane rather than oppressive and cruel. There are even a few strays, like Mr. Zilliacus, from former adulators of the Soviet régime who bid fair to make themselves as foolish in Belgrade as once they did in Moscow. If human beings could be persuaded not to produce moral justifications for the pursuit of their legitimate interests they would be saved much of the woe which falls upon them.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

### The Rescue of Miss Barrett

Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Dorothy Hewlett. *Cassell*, 25/-

EDWARD FITZGERALD, told of Mrs. Browning's death, exclaimed "No more Aurora Leighs, thank God!" It was no doubt a harsh judgment, but we cannot be expected to recapture the thrill which the eager feminism of this formidable poem held for the Victorians. For most of us Mrs. Browning's claim to be a major poet must depend neither on it nor on the Italian polemics, but on the beautiful series of love sonnets so closely reflecting the lasting enchantment of her marriage. The more we read about the Brownings the more we feel that if we had come across their story in a novel we might have condemned it as too contrived.

Its beginnings strained even the exceptional patience which Browning was to show throughout the whole chapter, for Elizabeth was as much a prisoner to her health as to her pathologically possessive father. I thought we knew all about him, but in *Elizabeth Barrett Browning* Miss Dorothy Hewlett rejects as deliberate falsification for dramatic purposes his treatment in "a certain play"—which I take to be "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"—and is strangely anxious for us to think well of him. This is by no means easy. It is true that while his children were young he was on affectionate terms with them, playing games and even dressing up for their amusement as the Grand Mufti, but his behaviour to them when they grew up was made no lighter by his insufferable conviction that his tyranny had divine backing. When Miss Hewlett, with to me incomprehensible charity, would have us believe he was only an "extreme type of kindly, arbitrary old-fashioned parent," "extreme" seems the operative word. Marriage was a forbidden subject in this unnatural home. No guests but Mr. Barrett's could come to dinner. Although Elizabeth's life appeared to depend on a change of climate, he refused to let her go, threatening the awful weapon of his heaviest displeasure. And five years after the elopement which brought her so much happiness ("my daughter should have been thinking of another world"), he returned all her pleading letters unopened. His morbidly sanctimonious relish in the belief that illness had safely caged her is something altogether too ugly to be forgotten in talk of old-fashioned parents.

In other respects also this biography might have been sharper. Miss Hewlett's approach to Elizabeth's work is too reverent to be really critical; the long slabs which she quotes from it are without sufficiently effective summing-up. There is too much detailed explanation of the tortuous politics of the struggle for Italian freedom which fired Elizabeth, and not enough satire for her foibles. Miss Hewlett has a gentle humour, but it is rather a solemn book, and Elizabeth never quite comes out of it in the round. At the same time Miss Hewlett's patient exploration does give us a clear idea of Elizabeth's development from an incredibly learned child to a European figure, as well as many fascinating glimpses of the Victorian literary scene. From the airtight bedroom in Wimpole Street a busy two-way correspondence was kept up not only with Miss Mitford but with all sorts of distinguished people, and after the escape the Brownings numbered most of the lions among their friends, meeting them abroad or during rare visits to London. We find a momentous account of George Sand sitting, surrounded by young men, "at a corner of the fire, and warming her feet quietly, in a general silence of the most profound deference." And if we need a reminder of the adjustments necessary in trying to put ourselves in the place of even so courageous a Victorian as Elizabeth, we have it in the rider which accompanied her praise of the French novelists—"We cannot wish them to be popular in England, for obvious reasons."

ERIC KEOWN

Jefferson Selleck. Carl Jonas. *Cape*, 15/-

It was a good idea to write a short history of our own times as a plain man's twentieth-century blues, and the first quarter of these fictional memoirs (apparently dictated to a tape-recorder) makes an interesting and



"What's this blessed dog doing on my chair?"



evocative scrapbook. There is racy comment on World War One ("How you gonna keep 'em down on the farm after they've seen Parce?"), on the Depression, Herbert Hoover and Franklin Roosevelt ("I hate wah," he said again and again and again, but who, I ask you, was foremost in dragging us on towards Pearl Harbour?"); there is first-hand detail of the manufacture of bathtub gin and a delightful story about the last night of Prohibition. But Mr. Jonas doesn't manage to keep it up. In spite of his membership of the Elks, Lions, Masons, Rotary, Legion, Athletic Club, and the Carpe Diem businessmen's club, Jefferson Selleck is no Babbitt. He becomes a bore, and the reader (this one anyway) pursues his career only to curse the invention of the tape-recorder. A. B. H.

**The Pseudo-Arnolfini Portrait.** Maurice W. Brockwell. *Chatto and Windus*, 10/6

This is an exciting, diverting, elaborately detailed research in a narrowed field and an awful example to historians, experts and critics who accept conjectures for facts and hand them on not without embroideries. Our author is concerned to prove with an almost angry zeal, and certainly with impressive documentation, that our National Gallery Van Eyck bought in 1842 under title "A Flemish Gentleman and Lady" and retitled in 1862 "The Marriage of Giovanni Arnolfini and Giovanna Cenani" represents, in fact, Jan van Eyck and his wife Margaret. There *was* an Arnolfini double portrait of similar composition and of the same size (odd; but one's doubts are duly resolved) in the

collection of Margaret of Austria. It was taken by her to Spain (c. 1500) and later disappeared in a palace fire. Incidentally Mr. Brockwell accepts the thesis of Emile Enders that the famous "Hubertus *major quo nemo repertus*" never even existed! Which certainly adds to the fun. J. P. T.

**The Mountains Remain.** Hanama Tasaki. *Gollancz*, 13/6

Two stories with the same hero could hardly be more different in atmosphere than "Long the Imperial Way," that terrible exposure of the customs of a conquering Japanese army, and *The Mountains Remain*, which exhibits a defeated country in the throes of rebirth. As a documentary Mr. Tasaki's second novel is as interesting as his first, but it is for the delicacy of its character-drawing and the moving quality of the drama it unfolds that it claims our admiration. Four young people are chiefly involved—Takeo the ex-soldier (a farmer now), his geisha sister, and the son and daughter of an aristocratic house, brought by the social upheaval into a mutual relationship which, precarious still, would of old have been unthinkable. The two girls in particular are beautifully imagined, and the enthusiasms and agonies, the hesitations and bewilderments of youth are scrutinized with a poetic sympathy which almost tempts one to predicate that Japan has found her Turgenev. F. B.

#### SHORTER NOTES

**The Easter Party.** V. Sackville-West. *Michael Joseph*, 10/6. A lightweight, not at all on the scale of *The Edwardians* or *All Passion Spent*: a handful of characters at a country-house party, most of them extras in the drama of Sir Walter Mortibois, his adoring but frustrated wife, and his idolized Alsatian dog. When the party is over the emotional situation is transformed: a little too easily perhaps? But the atmosphere is conveyed with the usual distinction.

**Arctic Solitudes.** Admiral Lord Mountevans. *Lutterworth Press*, 12/6. Abandoning for the time being the Antarctic wastes which have claimed his devotion, Admiral Lord Mountevans here tells the story of North Polar voyagings, from the time of Leif the Lucky and other early Norse explorers to the tragic episode of Inspector Fitzgerald's R.N.W.M.P. patrol in 1910-11, including some highly interesting chapters on the Eskimos and their way of life.

**The Time of the Assassins.** Godfrey Blunden. *Cape*, 15/-. An absorbing, realistic and substantially true novel of life in Kharkov in 1941-2 under German occupation, by a war correspondent who subsequently entered the Ukrainian capital with the Red Armies. Mr. Blunden, by revealing the alarming identity of outlook between the fanatical Bolshevik Fomin and the fanatical S.S. Obergruppenführer Rauch, has written a tract for these times.

**Chalk in My Hair.** "Balaam." *Benn*, 10/6. Even teaching, it seems, is something of a racket. This brightly-written though sketchy account of the schoolmaster's life gives us the lowdown on such matters as school reports, inspections, morning assemblies, marks, detentions and corporal punishment. It will win few recruits to the profession, and in the hands of one of Giles's little horrors it might be positively dangerous.

**Giant.** Edna Ferber. *Gollancz*, 12/6. An enjoyable and revealing yarn about Texans and Texas, the modern Brobdingnag, where everything is stupendous, fabulous and colossal. A clever love story is threaded into this social study of a country's growing pains and the result is a very good, but not quite colossal, novel.

**Vanity Row.** W. R. Burnett. *Macdonald*, 9/6. Brisk, absorbing story of a hard young police captain in a mid-western city who falls for the statuesque beauty (her power is brilliantly suggested) he is supposed, for the sake of the local politicians, to convict of murder. Could be filmed almost as it stands, and probably will be.





*"Not only have they got the money, they've the transport, too!"*

## FOP'S FAREWELL

**I** SHAN'T be well-dressed this year. As the Americans say, crisply if in defiance of parsing, the hell with it. I'm too old now. At seventeen you fall in love quite madly with ties of a tender blue; at twenty-five you get it rather badly with the double-breasted waistcoat; at thirty-four you're in the Air Force hoping, despite world chaos, to find a bat-man who can polish a buckle without getting the stuff all over the belt. But when you reach my age the well-dressed man has had it.

This has been coming on for some time, I realize that. Among the many factors which have been inexorably at work are the hat whose brim curls in what is subtly but clearly the wrong way; the silk muffler which stealthily unfastens itself as I enter my hostess's garden and, pinned mysteriously by one end at the back of the neck, dangles the other to the knees; the double-

breasted dinner-jacket which remains largely bunched round my waist as I rise to dance; the hacking-jacket whose rear flaps are obsessed with the idea of entering the hip-pocket whenever anything else does; the—

However. What has chiefly, or perhaps merely decisively, made me a renegade from the world of fashion is the collar-stiffener. There was a time when the only recognized collar-stiffener was starch. Happy days, those. Now, the stiffening of collars is an operation removed from the sphere of the shirtmaker and launderer into that of the scientist and engineer. What was once a harmless strip of shaped fabric has become a strutted and buttressed monster; its components, if they are not exploiting their protective colouring to lie unseen at the bottom of the bath, can drive a man mad before breakfast. The newest of

these horrors is the oblique parallelogram which unfailingly gets itself into the collar-point in reverse, throwing up a small triangle of unstiffened material like the corner of a badly made paper hat, and then resists removal by wedging its upper end in a concealed selvedge. Even the simpler form, an extension—a reduction, rather—of the old corset-bone principle, gets over-long and must be cut down with nail-scissors, thus acquiring a poniard quality enabling it to pierce its poplin tunnel and fall with a light tap on to the agenda of a heads of departments meeting . . . Or over-short, not to be reclaimed even with eyebrow-tweezers, and later going to the laundry for pulping. What of the "permanent" device, two legs with a spring, toggle, escapement and so forth, reputed to guarantee immaculacy in collars of all styles, but in practice more likely to hang

all day with one leg exposed until pointed out by a stranger on the evening train?

It is time, I think, that man returned to the honest, rustic collar-band and stud. This would do away not only with collars but with ties too. And not before time.

With painful slowness, the well-dressed man learns that he has only two kinds of tie: those that tie at the first attempt with an exquisite knot of perfect inverted-cone shape, but—having been chosen by wealthy aunts in Basingstoke—are of unthinkable design and hue; and those of unexceptionably tasteful plain pastel shades, acquired by the half-dozen in moments of rare and impulsive excess, whose knots model themselves on the freak potato.

It is possible, I grant, with early rising, a calm mind, no breakfast and three missed trains, to wrench and pummel one of the tasteful ties into a shape just good enough to be found dead in . . . but only if the finished work is viewed through half-closed eyes from a point as far removed from the mirror as the size of the bedroom permits: then the wrinkled bulges remain mercifully unseen, and it is possible, by the exercise of dynamic self-deception, to pretend that the tie's narrow end, back to front, is not already making its first sly advance to a forward position. But it is not satisfactory. There follows a day of unremitting

struggle, fingering, tugging, savage under-tucking, and repeated contraction of the stomach muscles while the broad end, darting from under the waistcoat, is seized and thrust in the top of the trousers.

The bow-tie—but no.

This year, at last, I am abandoning the battle of the exposed shirt cuff. This, as I learnt long ago, is one of the hallmarks of the well-dressed man, and I have striven after it since my late school days. I am sounding the retreat now. Let the well-dressed man have his hallmark. I don't want it. Not any more.

The thing is simple enough in theory. Your shirt sleeves are half an inch longer than your jacket sleeves, that's all. In the past I have always taken pains to explain this to shirt salesmen. Our business has been conducted on this understanding from the first, and when I put on the shirt—which is as soon as I have reached home, cut the string, ripped off the brown paper, torn away the inner transparent bag, removed several sheets of stout but poor quality cardboard and plucked out (as it later emerges) all the pins but two—I stand for some minutes before the mirror admiring the half-inch of shirt cuff gleaming at each wrist. I throw out my arms and say "Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, it is indeed a valued privilege to . . ." But by this time

the cuffs have gone. I get them back and hang on to them. "When the last speaker," I continue, with clenched fists, "made his reference to . . ." One of them frees itself and vanishes. Getting it back, I lose the other. It is hopeless. When I go downstairs to supper I tread cautiously, knowing that if I stagger I shall have to take the weight on my elbows, for at all costs I must hang on to my cuffs long enough to exhibit them in the dining-room. This I just achieve. Then, a mouthful of soup—bang goes the right cuff; a morsel of bread—bang goes the left.

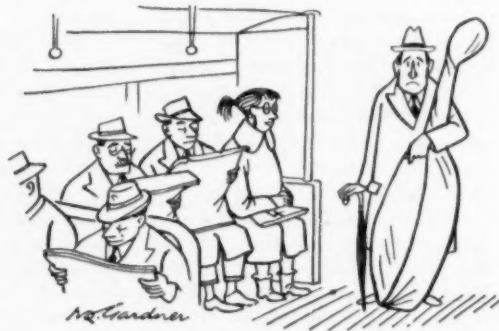
This year I am wearing my shirt sleeves rolled up. Cut off, even, I haven't decided yet. My ties will be tied in reef knots. I just don't care. My collar-points can curl up like chrysanthemums. Let them. And whoever said that the well-dressed man is the man who looks as if he never gave a thought to his appearance can call at my address any time and see how wrong he was.

J. B. BOOTHROYD

#### Diamond Cut Diamond

"Several farms on his route have as many as 2,000 sheep and keeping them in touch with the various Ministries has become an important matter since the beginning of the last war."

Liverpool Evening Express

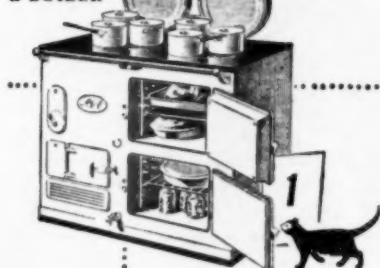


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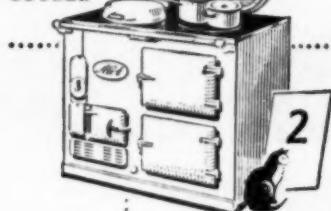
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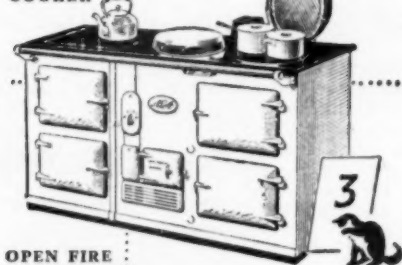
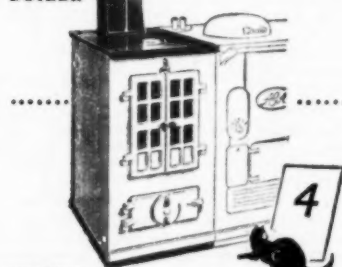
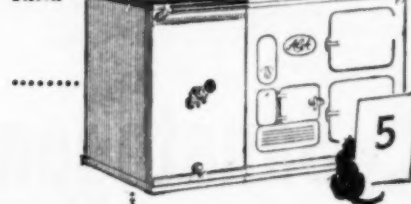
# Which of these do you need to start you on the **AGA** way of life?

COOKER  
& BOILER

COOKER



COOKER

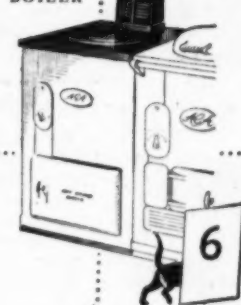
OPEN FIRE  
BOILERCOOKER &  
HOT WATER  
TANK

Aga gives more leisure to the lady of the house. No fire to lay and light each morning (the fire never goes out). No fumes, no clinker, no soot or flying ash—and above all, no bother.

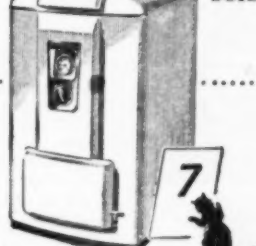
## EVERY AGA COOKER HAS

- \* Roasting oven big enough to do justice to a 20 lb. turkey
  - \* Simmering Oven (same size) for over-night cooking and to keep hot meals hot for hours without drying them up
  - \* Boiling plate (big enough for three 8-pint pans) that boils water at a pint a minute—also grills, fries and toasts
  - \* Simmering plate (same size) that won't even let milk boil over
  - \* Thermostat to keep everything at exactly the right temperature—no dampers, no coaxing, no fuss
  - \* A ten-year guarantee
  - \* Really generous Hire-Purchase: up to five years for cookers, up to two years for boilers: and no Purchase Tax to pay!
- And it costs next to nothing to run.

BOILER



BOILER



## Every AGAMATIC Boiler

- \* gives hot water 24 hours a day
- \* Has trouble-free thermostat control: no tantrums, no adjustments, no dampers to fumble with
- \* and real fuel-economy

**NOW THEN!** Wouldn't you like to know a little more about one or all of these? There are some very interesting books you ought to have.

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**AGA HEAT LIMITED**

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Now, Madam; there's a perfect fit for your home here:—

**Average Size. No Central Heating.** The Aga CB might have been specially made for you. Simmering oven, Roasting oven, Boiling plate and Simmering Plate—and, from the same small fire, hot water all day long. Guaranteed maximum fuel consumption— $3\frac{1}{2}$  tons a year. Total running cost—about 1/- a day. **Cat 1**

**Average Size, with some central heating.** Cook with an Aga 'C'—Simmering Oven, Roasting Oven, Boiling Plate and Simmering Plate—and a guarantee that it won't burn more than  $2\frac{1}{2}$  tons of fuel a year. Heat water with the Agamatic 'C'—the boiler that never goes out, never needs adjusting, and never makes a nuisance of itself. **Cat 2 & 6**

**Average Size, with big sociable kitchen.** An open fire and plenty of hot water with the Aga Open Fire boiler (just shut it up in summer). Superlative cooking with the Aga 'C'—any time of the day or night. 24-hour service, and it cannot burn more than  $2\frac{1}{2}$  tons of fuel a year. **Cat 2 & 4**

**Average Size, but no running water!** Never fear. The Aga Model 'C' with side-tank has not only the standard Roasting and Simmering Ovens, Boiling and Simmering hotplates, but a big built-in side-tank with seventeen gallons of really hot water always on tap. **Cat 5**

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(Cat, of course, is short for Category)

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# Sanatogen

THE PROTEIN NERVE TONIC

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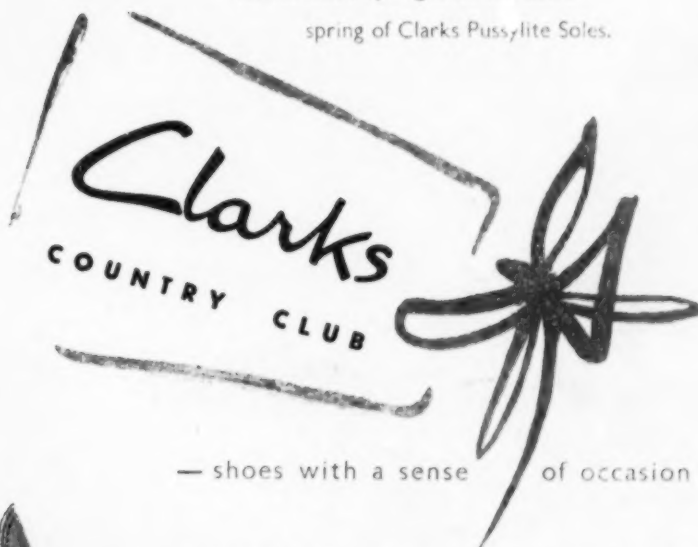
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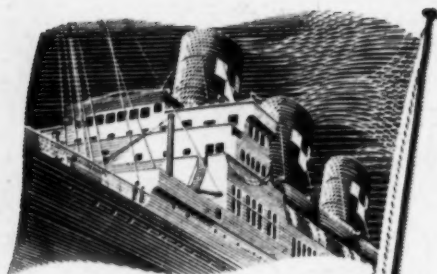
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[3P 114]



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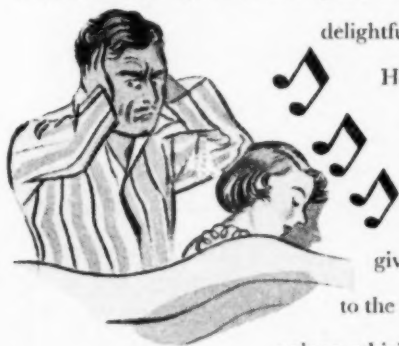
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look after your interests



# Meet DESMOND TOAST



Like every light-sleeping mortgagee, Desmond Toast needs a stout, weather-resistant envelope\* to wedge the bedroom window with. He is easily aroused from dreams of security to an awareness that the upper sash, inspired by the mildest of breezes, is once again rendering the drum-part from Ravel's delightful Bolero.



He wishes that he had an estate agent with him to share this musical treat, and to give a considered answer to the problem: "If an envelope which last year stopped a

rattle when folded double must this year be folded in eight, when in your view, will the house actually fall down?"

He also wishes that Mrs. Toast could contrive to appear less

unconcerned, as she lies there snoring the first bar and a half of "Friend o' Mine". But these are vain yearnings. At three in the morning a light-sleeping mortgagee must be firm with himself, suppressing the impulse to go on a tour of the downstairs windowsills and discover whether they can in truth be removed by the handful, like old sponge-cake, as recently alleged by an outspoken window-cleaner. If he is to give of his best tomorrow, continuing his struggle to raise the next mortgage interest payment, Desmond Toast needs sleep.

That is why he needs a stout, weather-resistant envelope (if not two) to wedge the bedroom window with.



\* One of the RIVER SERIES for preference. A nice, strong Tigris Manilla would be just the type for Toast, our fictitious householder.



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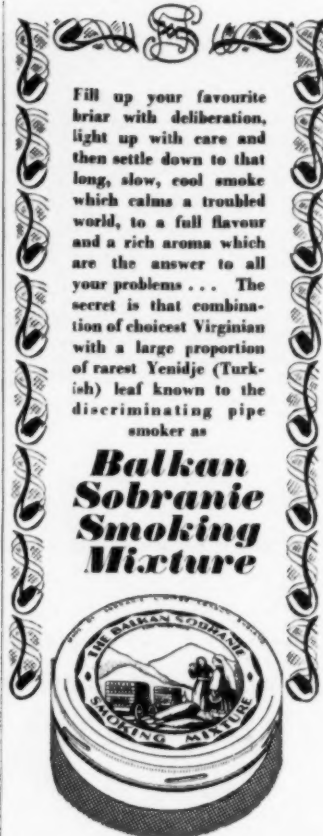
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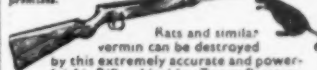
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— it settles  
the stomach**

Pleasant, refreshing ENO'S "Fruit Salt" is the gentle corrective most of us need to keep the system regular. ENO'S is particularly suitable for children—and for anyone with a delicate stomach.

ENO'S will safely relieve over-acidity, a most frequent cause of indigestion, heart-burn and flatulence. "Fruit Salt" is soothing and settling to the stomach upset by unsuitable food or drink.

A dash of ENO'S "Fruit Salt" at any time of day makes a sparkling, invigorating health-drink. To feel better—and look better—keep fit, fresh and regular with your ENO'S.



## Eno's 'Fruit Salt'

THE GENTLE ANTACID LAXATIVE

2/6d. Regular Size—Family Size (double the quantity) 4/6d.

The words "ENO", "ENO'S" and "FRUIT SALT" are registered Trade Marks.

do you  
take cold...

or do you  
take **CROOKES!**

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Rich in 'protective' Vitamin A and  
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The cosiest of COATS





### Wooden Tubes

**WOODEN TUBES** made from tree trunks were used by the Romans for conveying water.

The trunks were hollowed out to the required diameter by hand or by being pressed against a gouge fixed to the axle of a water wheel. They were coupled together by forcing them on to a wrought iron ring, the edges of which were tapered on each side to a chisel point.

Tubes have been developed since Roman times for far wider purposes than were then envisaged and steel tubes are now indispensable to modern civilisation.



*For steel tubes and steel tube fabrication*

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*'But there's very little difference between inks, is there?'*



'Up to a point. But beyond that point Stephen's Radiant Fountain Pen Ink does have an edge. You'll find that Stephen's is the best ink for your pen. That's because it's micro-filtered to make clogging impossible. It is the smoothest-flowing, cleanest ink you can buy.'

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**Stephen's RADIANT MICRO-FILTERED INK**  
for your fountain pen

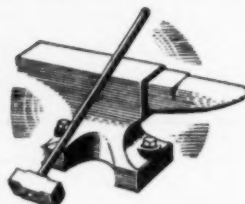
AVAILABLE IN BLUE-BLACK (Permanent)  
RADIANT BLUE (Washable), SCARLET & GREEN

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...there is something fundamental about a forge

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As long as there are engineers, there will be a need for firms such as Doncasters of Sheffield. From their earliest beginnings in 1778, five generations of craftsmen of individuality and character, and yes, integrity, have worked with steel and its alloys.

Doncasters forge and treat bars of tool and other hard and tough steels; they shape general forgings under powerful hammers; each year make hundreds of thousands of intricate drop forgings and valve stampings for diesels and automobiles; they are of the very few people in the world who make hardened steel rolls.

**DONCASTERS**   
1778 DD

**DANIEL DONCASTER & SONS LIMITED · SHEFFIELD**  
FORGINGS · DROP FORGINGS · HARDENED STEEL ROLLS · HEAT TREATMENT



P4

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*Income Tax paid by the Society*

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The current rate of interest on share accounts is 2½%, and on ordinary deposit accounts 2%, with income tax paid by the Society in each case. Sums up to a total holding of £5,000 are accepted for investment in Abbey National. For further particulars apply for a copy of the Society's Investment Booklet.

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# FERODO

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CONTROL —

Motor cars, if driven in a certain way, sometimes get a little hot under the brake drums. Quite often to the tune of 300° centigrade! Spare a thought then, for the brake linings which continue to be pressed, quite deliberately, against such spiteful heat. It's easy to understand why linings, under such conditions sometimes fade or lose efficiency. Ferodo Limited, who are always researching into this and testing that, produce anti-fade brake linings that will give you more efficient braking . . . you'll find you have greater control of your car whatever the driving conditions, which means increased safety for you and your passengers. Your guarantee that genuine Ferodo anti-fade linings have been fitted is the orange and black label which the garage will attach to your steering wheel after a re-line.



Have you noticed that you have to press your brake pedal further down just lately? If so, you'll be wise to have your brakes checked at your local garage displaying this sign. When a re-line is necessary—insist on

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BRAKE LININGS

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*These facts are published to show what  
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last square yard of surfacing was laid, 80,000 tons of materials had been delivered. Next day the Thunderjets flew in from Iceland. The same organisation has co-operated with American engineers in a number of similar works, besides its other contributions in building and civil engineering works both for defence and industrial development in Britain and overseas.

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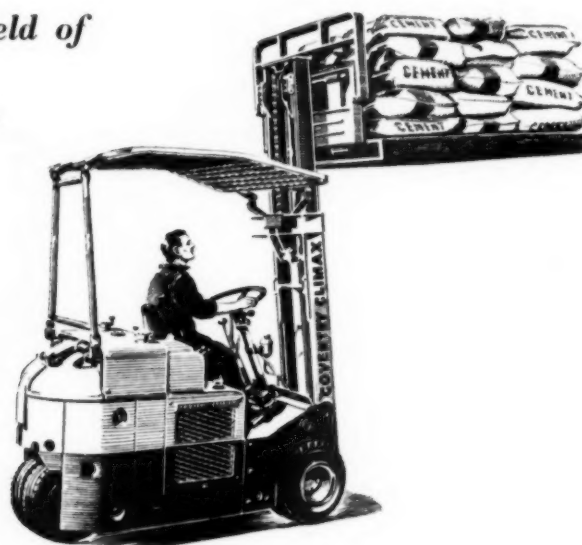


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